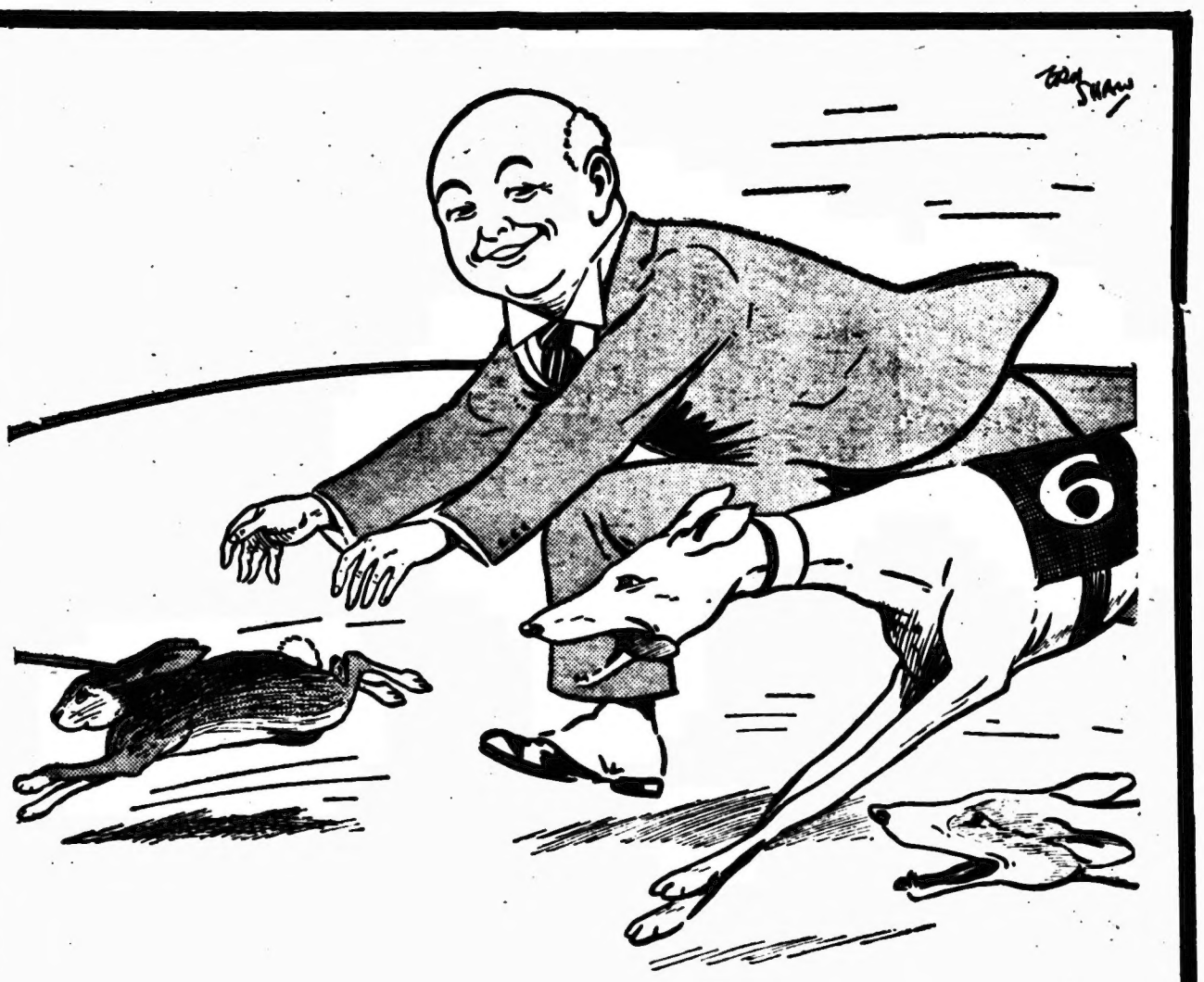
JOHN BULL, JULY 23, 1927 Vol. XLII. No. 1101

# JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

WORLD'S GREATEST FREE INSURANCE
SEE PAGE 2.

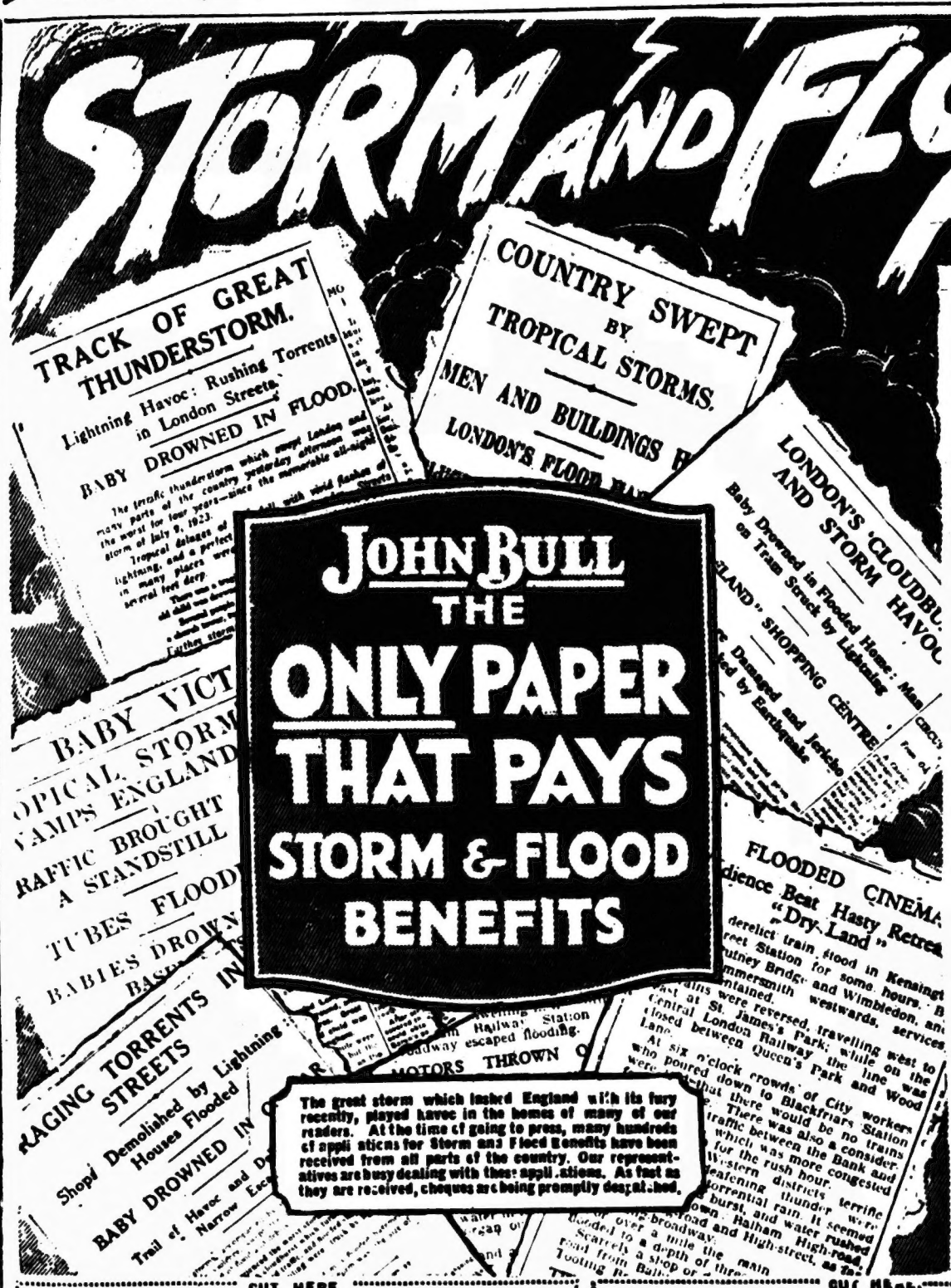
YOU can feel as -

"Fit as a Greyhound"

BY TAKING

Beecham's Pills

# STORM AND FLOOD HAVOC!

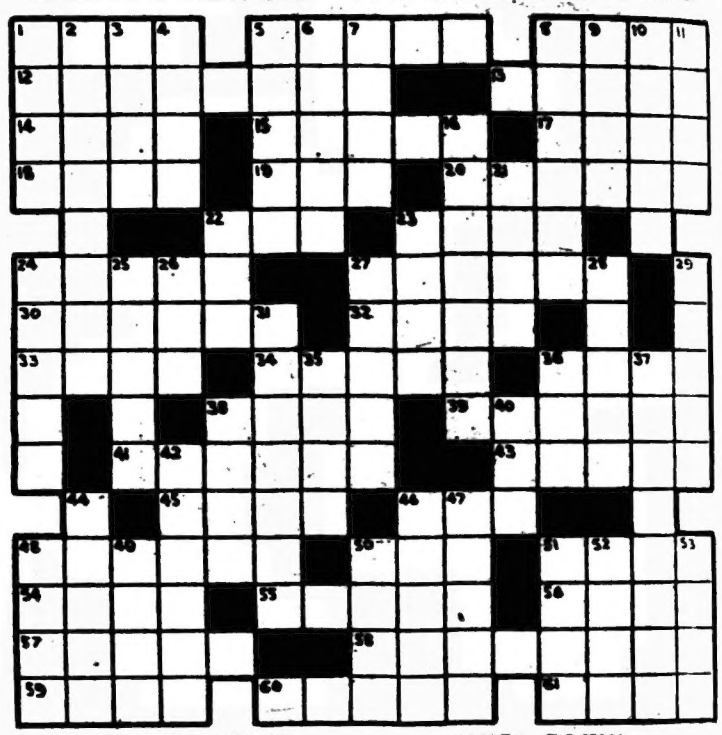

TRACK OF GREAT THUNDERSTORM.
Lightning Havoc: Rushing Torrents in London Streets.
BABY DROWNED IN FLOOD.
COUNTRY SWEPT BY TROPICAL STORMS.
MEN AND BUILDINGS
LONDON'S FLOOD
LONDON'S 'CLOUDBU AND STORM HAVOC
Baby Drowned in Flooded Home: Man on Train Struck by Lightning
LAND" SHOPPING CENTRE
Damaged and Jericho ed by Earthquake
BABY VICT
OPICAL STORM
AMPS ENGLAND
RAFFIC BROUGHT A STANDSTILL
TUBES FLOOD
BABIES DROWN
BASE
RENTS IN
RAGING TORRENTS STREETS
Shops Demolished by Lightning Houses Flooded
BABY DROWNED IN
Trail of Havoc and D
Narrow Esc
FLOODED CINEMA
dience Beat Hasty Retrea
"Dry-Land"
derelict train stood in Kensingt
reet Station for some hours. B
utney Bridge and Wimbledon, an
mmersmith westwards, service
ntained.
ains were reversed, travelling west to
ast at St. James's Park; while on the
Central London Railway the line was
closed between Queen's Park and Wood
Lane.
At six o'clock crowds of City workers
who poured down to Blackfriars Station
that there would be no trains
There was also a consider
traffic between the Bank and
which was more congested
for the rush hour.
lestening districts thunder terrific
torrential rain it seemed
burst, and water rushed
broadway and High-road, Balham High-street, as fa
over a mile the main
flooded to a depth of
Scarcely a shop or
Tooting B
Station
Railway escaped flooding.
MOTORS THROWN

## JOHN BULL THE ONLY PAPER THAT PAYS STORM & FLOOD BENEFITS

**The great storm which lashed England with its fury recently, played havoc in the homes of many of our readers. At the time of going to press, many hundreds of applications for Storm and Flood Benefits have been received from all parts of the country. Our representatives are busy dealing with these applications. As fast as they are received, cheques are being promptly despatched.**

*Our Cross-Word Corner*

## Another Hard Nut



**CLUES ACROSS.**

1. A master.
5. Spurious.
8. To erase.
12. Bursting forth.
13. A doctrine.
14. Italian currency.
15. Present occasion.
17. To invent.
18. Affected glance.
19. Assistance.
20. Nile basin lake.
22. Aged.
23. 750 Herrings.
24. Rigid.
27. Silica.
30. Glass water bottle.
32. To incite.
33. Vigour.
34. Condition.
36. So let it be.
38. Precious stone.
39. Pliant.
41. To preserve a dead body by aromatics.
43. Dregs.
45. A nobleman.
46. Obese
48. Nimble.
50. To undermine.
51. Face.
54. Prolonged.
55. To happen.
56. Roman Catholic Tribunal.
57. Spanish for "Mr."
58. Lively.
59. To suppose.
60. Pertaining to walls.
61. Manufactured.

**CLUES DOWN.**

1. Musical metallic vessel.
2. Eastern.
3. Certain.
4. To box.
5. Last.
6. Dodge.
7. To accommodate.
8. To retract.
9. Immediately.
10. To take possession.
11. A volcano.
16. Incensed.
21. Ready.
22. Away.
23. Short.
24. Part of a play.
25. Wrathful.
26. To winnow.
27. Compunction.
28. Pertaining to fermentation.
29. 7th of certain months and 5th of others.
31. Ingredient of paper.
35. Lanky.
36. High card.
37. Raised.
38. Scottish seaport.
40. Repeatedly
42. Pasture land.
44. Gambling game.
46. Collective term for the animals peculiar to an epoch.
47. A month.
48. A waistcoat
49. Kind of cotton gauze.
50. Mark of a wound.
51. Liquid measure.
52. A jot.
53. To load.

*The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 24*

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

**To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2**

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name..... Age.....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

**Use 4d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.**

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 23/7/27.

CUT HERE.

**HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 23/7/27.

## JOHN BULL Pen Coupon-Value 2d

This Coupon will be accepted as **2d.** in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented **FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil.** Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), **ANY DATES**, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for **4/3** (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

**JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

## JOHN BULL'S WONDERFUL HOLIDAY OFFER!

**You will find this magnificent "John Bull" Pen and Free 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil ready for every writing emergency on your holiday, whether it is to jot down the time of a train or write a letter or postcard. Accept this wonderful offer before you start!**

**THE OFFER - "John Bull" Pen fitted with solid 14ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, admittedly worth 15/-; 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil complete with refills FREE. You send six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance).**

***Written 2 years' Guarantee with every pen.***

**Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra.**

**Money refunded if not satisfied.**

14ct. Solid gold nib, iridium tipped.

# When you're overworked and worried

## YEAST IS LIFE

ONE of the greatest discoveries of the century: Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the Stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. This wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker and more effective than Aspirin.

*When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.*

IRVING'S *Yeast Vite* TABLETS will relieve:—

Indigestion, Flatulence, —in 5 to 10 minutes.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.
Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.
Influenza Colds, Fever, —in 24 hours.

**YEAST-VITE IS RICH IN VITAMIN B**

**An eminent specialist, in his article on Health, has emphasised the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly. And in his list of essential foods he mentions YEAST as rich in Vitamin B.**

*CAUTION.—See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.*

# Irving's Yeast Vite Tonic Tablets

**OUR GUARANTEE.**
Obtain a 1/3 bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets from your chemist. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us and we will refund the money by return of post.

**IRVING'S · YEAST · VITE · LABORATORIES**
CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1

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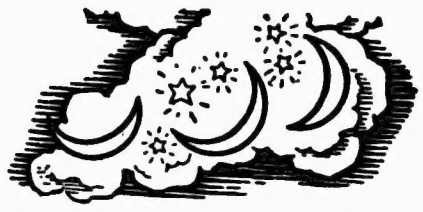
# THREE MONTHS



## To mature in drums

**For three months Gibbs Shaving Cream is matured in hygienic drums. That might be regarded as loss of time in the making of an ordinary shaving cream. But it is another reason why Gibbs Shaving Cream is so firmly established in leadership—why it opens up a luxurious source of quick, clean easy shaves. And there is delicious Cold Cream in Gibbs to leave your skin soft, supple and glowing healthily. Start this comfort shaving from to-day.**

**FREE**
**Trial Tube & Stick**
Send now for generous Trial Tube of Gibbs Shaving Cream and Trial Stick of Gibbs Cold Cream Shaving Soap. The Stick is made with the same care to give the same delightful results as the Shaving Cream. Just send name and address with 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to:
D. & W. GIBBS LTD.
(Dept. 117 V)
Cold Cream Soap Works,
London, E.1

# Gibbs SHAVING CREAM

*The Cream of Shaves*

*In Tubes 1/- and 1/6*
*British made*

---

20 YEAR OLD

# corn

## Now quite gone

Does the summer heat try your feet? Are your corns more painful than ever when the sun shines fiercely? Then here is the remedy—Radox Bath Salts. A tablespoonful of Radox in footbaths—as this lady says—banishes all hot-weather discomfort and removes corns, root and all. Try it, as she has done, and be free from foot troubles this summer. Read the letter:—

*"I had a large corn on the ball of my foot for over 20 years, and nothing did it any good before using Radox Bath Salts. Now it is quite gone, and you cannot tell what a comfort it is to be free from it. For hot, swollen feet, Radox is wonderful, all the discomfort departs after a very little while, after using Radox in hot weather. I shall never be without Radox in the house, for it is so soothing to the feet and does the rheumatism good. It just takes all the ache away."* (Mrs.) *M. Dickinson.*
*1st June, 1927.*

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

**1/6**
*Half Pound Pink Packet*

# Radox Bath Salts

***Give your feet that "Kruschen feeling."***

---

# Exide

## THE LONG LIFE BATTERY.

The Exide battery has more accumulated experience, more research, more sheer knowledge, and greater manufacturing facilities behind it than any other battery.

Whether for high or low tension—its standards are higher.

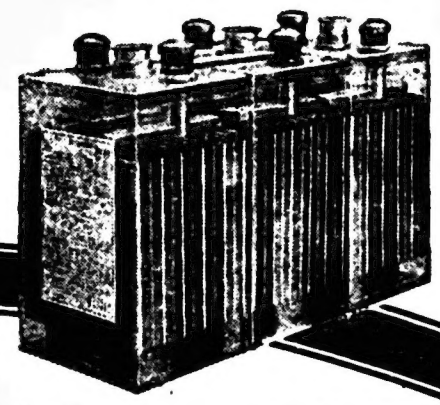
It will last you longer.

It will hold its charge better and without sulphation.

It is more free from fluctuation of voltage or internal resistance.

It will make your reception better.

*Special Exide "Mass" types for H.T.—*
*Write for descriptive folder 5009J.*



Exide CZ. type batteries for Low Tension give absolute reliability at the lowest price consistent with a first class job. They can handle comparatively heavy currents for long periods. Capacities from 20 to 60 amp. hours. Prices from 11/3 to 21/- per 2-volt cell.

**Exide Low Tension Battery**
**TYPE CZ.**

*Advertisement of The Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd., Clifton Junction, Manchester.*

# THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

*A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters*

**WHEN SENDING** Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

## PAY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

and have the smartest one possible made in the new 1927 cloth that always looks and wears well. Pay 7/6 down and balance monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**

These are not Ready-Made Suits altered to fit you, but EACH ONE IS CUT & MADE TO YOUR OWN MEASUREMENTS. Money refunded if not satisfied.

*Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns & Self-measurement Form.*

Established 25 years.

**J. B. THORNE & Co**
**36, LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.**

## 4/6 DOWN — QUICK DELIVERY OF A SMART PRAM

Send 4/6 to-day and in the shortest time you will receive carriage paid this handsome "Famous Hotspur" Era Pram. 4/6 down and 7/6 monthly. Price, on 4 in. wired on tyres, £9/6; 5 in. wired ribbed Cushion tyres, 70/6 (5 per cent. discount for cash). Other prams from 50/6, also Baby Cars, on easy terms (Estbd. 20 years)

Compact yet roomy. Splendidly made and upholstered, well sprung. When not in use, the tubular handle folds down out of way. Other features — Small 10 in. wheels; Adjust. Hood; Apron with Storm Flap; Coach-painted dark blue, dark brown, dove or suede. E. J. HERAUD Pram Manfr., Dept. "L.L.", SUMNER ONE EDMONTON, London, N.18.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

## 6/- NOW — SMART SHOES ON EASY TERMS

Why pay cash and shops profits, too? We supply public direct and guarantee every pair we sell. The fashionable models illustrated are supplied in all leathers and sizes. Not job line. Sent for 6/- down and balance in 2 monthly payments of 9/- (10/- in all), cash price 15/-.

State size when ordering. Satisfaction always, or money back.

Write for catalogue.

H. J. WARWICK & CO. Chandos House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1

## WONDERFUL BARGAINS ON EASY TERMS.

LADIES' lovely MACKINTOSHES Also GENT'S & CHILDREN'S All shades & sizes. 1/- deposit & 1/- weekly.

FREE. Write for beautifully illustrated Catalogue.

GENT'S £4 4/- Suits for 55/-
BOYS' £1/15/- Suits for 27/-
LADIES' £3/13/- Dresses for 45/-
No extra for EASY TERMS.

BOOTS, 700 pairs Gent's, Ladies' & Children's from 1/- weekly.

SALISBURY SERVICE CO., Ltd. (Dept. 5D), 13, Salisbury Sq., London, E.C.4.

## 2/- YOUR CHOICE OF THE BEST WEEKLY

S.S.A., TRIUMPH, RUDGE-WHITWORTH, ARIEL, SWIFT, NEW HUDSON, ELSWICK, HERCULES, B. & O., &c. Each fully guaranteed for 20 years. On 10 days' approval. Direct from makers' factory.

*Packed free and Carriage paid.*

Easy Payments arranged to suit you.

Cash Prices from £4-19-6

*Send Now for FREE 1927 Lists*

THE BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO. (Dept. J/4) SOUTHAMPTON.

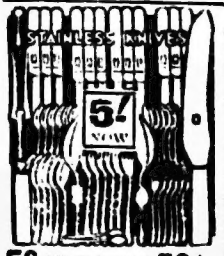
## SUITS 1/6 To Measure for WEEKLY. From 22/6

Order your clothes from a reliable firm of experts established over half a century. We can submit a most comprehensive range of patterns for suits, etc., comprising the latest shades in Derby Tweeds, Worsteds, Whipcords, Serges, etc., and guarantee you a correct fit-in suit perfectly tailored, and **delivered free within seven days.** Send for latest style pattern books and self-measurement form. Breeches, Overcoats, Flannels, etc., also supplied.

BOYS' SUITS AND SPORTS WEAR ALSO ON EASY PAYMENTS.

THE "B. & C." CO., *Universal Providers*, Dept. J.4, SOUTHAMPTON.

## THE GRAVES STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE MAKES FOOD ATTRACTIVE.




**A good Meal deserves a good Knife and Fork.**

**WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.**

1 pr D'ble Shear Steel Carvers Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Tble Knvs, and 6 Stainless Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles. Blades can be sharpened to razor-like edge. 2 Tble Spns, 6 Dessert Spns, 6 Tea Spns 6 Egg Spns, 6 Tble Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which is always white

Write for Catalogue.

**50 PIECES FOR 50/-**

TERMS 5/- now and 5/- monthly. Five per cent discount allowed for cash. Approval in your home.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

## SPECIAL OFFER for limited period only

**72 SQ. FT. for 15/-**

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM. Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being Stainless a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata.

All rolls are 2 yards wide.

*Send for Free Samples.*

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 30, Carter Street, London, S.E.17

**PAROLEUM**

## The Hopper

MADE IN ENGLAND

CASH from £5-5-0 TERMS - 12/6 monthly

AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Est. 1880

*write for lists:-*

P.O. 67, ST MARY'S WORKS, BARTON-on-HUMBER, ENG.

## From Manufacturer to You

**GREAT TROUSERS BARGAIN**

5/11 POST FREE

Well cut and strongly made with turn-up bottoms, and guaranteed to give satisfaction in wear.

Grey Flannel.
Grey Tweed or Whipcord.
Blue or Khaki Serge.

Extraordinary value. State waist measurement and height, and send now while offer lasts.

Also Boys' Lined Knickers as above. All sizes 3/11 post free.

*Satisfaction or money back.*

The Uniform Clothing & Equipment Co., 8, Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C.1.

## STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

**7/6 NOW**

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

## SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES of LOVELY PATTERNS

**81 SQ FT for 15/-**

—the cheapest and best floor-covering in the world—in rolls 2 yards wide. Rot-proof, damp-proof, hard-wearing, easily cleaned. Write for coloured lists.

**ARTOLEUM** BETTER THAN LINOLEUM

J. LLOYD'S, Artoleum House, Grey's Inn Rd, W.C.1

## HYDROLEUM FLOOR COVERING

Every Roll is two yards wide.

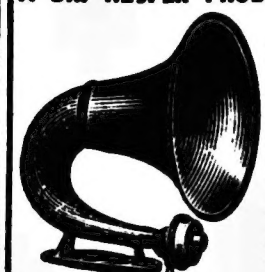
Thicker than high-priced Cork Lino. Guaranteed rot, damp and vermin proof, easily cleaned. For stone, brick, damp or ordinary wooden floors. Send for free samples.

PRICE ONLY **15/-** PER ROLL OF **72** SQUARE FEET

HAWKEN & Co DEPT 122 HARBOUR ST 45 47 LONDON, W.1.

## HUGE SUCCESS.

A DR. NESPER PRODUCT AND WORTHY OF HIM TOO!



2/6 DEPOSIT.

THOUSANDS HAVE VOTED THIS WONDERFUL SPEAKER THE GEM OF THE NESPER PRODUCTIONS.

Test for yourself by sending 2/6 deposit. If perfectly satisfied, complete purchase by sending 10 Monthly Payments of 2/6, or 23/- cash in 7 days. Superior to Speakers costing three times the money

World-Famed Dr. NESPER PHONES, 10/6. Deposit 2/6. Extra Loud CRYSTAL SETS, complete with two pair Phones, 22/6. Deposit 2/6.

EVERYTHING WIRELESS ON EASY TERMS. Catalogue FREE

THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING Co., Ltd., (Dept. J.B.), Wireless House, Stoke Newington, N.16.

## QUALITY & VALUE. GRAVES

**GRAVES BENEFIT SALE**

Comprising: 2 white super-quality Fleecy Blankets, Blue borders, size 68 x 86in weight 7lbs; 2 coloured Fleecy Blankets, White borders, size 60x80in weight 6lbs; 1 coloured Alhambra Quilt, size 70 x 90in weight 5lbs; 2 unbleached Grey Bolton Twill hemmed Sheets, size 70 x 90in weight 4lbs; 2 White Pillow Cases size 20x30in; 1 White Bolster Case, size 20x30in. Price 50/-

**5/- NOW**

TERMS: Send 5/- now, 5/- monthly. 5% Discount for cash. Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

## "Bullets" £5 Prize-winners

*(Continued from page 35)*

Miss G. Butcher, 4, Tooting Grove, London, S.W.
W. Butterworth, 7, Airds Pl., Oban, Argyle.
J. Cooke, 102, Summer Lane, Birmingham.
Mrs. L. Crane, 14, Gorse Rd., Ipswich.
W. Davies, 109, Station Rd., Llanelly.
Miss E. Dedman, 40, Cromwell Rd., Southend-on-Sea.
W. Denton, 7, Arundel St., Halifax.
W. H. Goodridge, 2, South Terr., Lancing, Sussex.
G. Gregory, 61, Briar St., Meadows, Nottingham.
Mrs. M. S. Ham, 53, South St., Leominster.
F. Hickman, 547, Parkfield Rd., Wolverhampton.
H. Hull, 16, Charles St., Wakefield, Yorks.
Miss L. Jeffery, "Burnley," Norfolk Rd., Margate.
Mrs. Jenkinson, Close Gate Farm, Wheelton, Lancs.
J. Mackay, Jnr., Derrygreen House, Coalisland.
J. Martin, 15, Railway Cotts., Falmouth.
J. E. McHale, 165, Maldon Rd., Colchester.
G. A. McIntyre, 8, Joppa Glns., Portobello.
Miss Measures, 30, Hartford Rd., Newtown, Hunts.
C. Meeson, 4, Old Lane, Blakwich, nr. Walsall.
S. Mitton, 101, Old Christchurch Rd., Bournemouth.
G. Perry, 45, Hamilton Rd., Normacot, Stoke-on-Trent.
A. J. Phelps, 36, Constance St., Newport, Mon.
Mrs. A. J. Pillow, 47, Colfe Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.
M. Rice, Church St., Tollesbury, Essex.
S. F. Riches, 78, Kensington Gdns., Ilford, Essex.
A. W. Robinson, 8, Dunstable Pl., Luton, Beds.
Mrs. E. Rudeforth, 54, Worthing St., Hull.
A. E. Seaward, 24a, Nene Parade, Wisbech, Cambs.
S. C. Short, 22, Gelligaer St., Cathays, Cardiff.
F. H. Smooker, 5, High Hope St., Crook, co. Durham.
H. W. Spencer, 20, Queensland Rd., Bournemouth.
J. Stanley, 37, Church Lane, Gorton, Manchester.
F. Taylor, 6, Nevern Rd., Earl's Court, S.W.
N. Turnbull, 7, Main St., Crook Hall, Consett.
T. Vout, 19, Palmer St., South Hetton, co. Durham.
A. Wall, 23, Laxey Rd., Edgbaston, B'ham.
J. Whitaker, 21, John St., Greetland, Halifax.
A. J. Whitmore, Post Office, Cotmanhay, Notts.
Miss E. M. Wilford, 43, Silverlock St., Portsmouth.
G. A. Williamson, 236, Lynn Croft, Eastwood, Notts.
A. Wood, 10, St. Bernards Row, Edinburgh.

### 100 Winners of 10s.:

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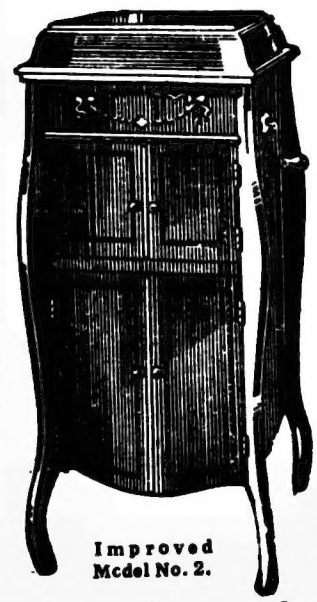

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ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds

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5/- DEPOSIT and 5/- weekly secures any tyre up to list price £2; 7/6 weekly over £2. No interest charges. No enquiries. Also Accessories. —London Car Co., 43, Villiers Street, W.C.2.

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SOLDIERS' LOST MEDALS REPLACED. Ribbons penny an inch, post extra. Inquiries invited.—Nimms, Hythe, Kent.

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MAKE Your Own Bead Curtains and Blinds. Write for sample Beads, Tubes, etc.—Beads, Limited, 19/20, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.

## PERSONAL

IMPORTANT TO EVERY READER.—Have you read the Bargain Offers in this week's "Mail Order Market" on page 4? Here you will find a variety of articles at prices which tempt the most limited pocket. An example of top-notch value is the fine Baby Car advertised by E. J. Heraud. The model is fully described and immediate delivery can be had for 4/6 only! This article, like all others, is guaranteed by *John Bull* to be as specified and full value for money. Try this safe and easy way of economical shopping. Read the ads. NOW.

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Longer hours, larger output, lower earnings, yet, nevertheless, sales at a loss—that's the plight of the coal industry. And the attitude of coal-owners and Mines Department is simply a Micawberlike waiting for "something to turn up."

**Both Agreed.**

Coal-owners, says Sir Samuel Roberts, are not such asses as to like selling coal at a loss. Neither are miners such idiots as to like selling labour at starvation rates. Thorough reorganisation is the only solution.

**A Chance for "Jix."**

If the Home Secretary wants a bigger name, he will make the Factories Bill worthy of his brave words this summer, and fight it through against selfish and short-sighted interests. He can count on the people's backing.

**The Crack of Doom.**

The British proposals at the Naval Limitation Conference mean sooner or later the end of the battleship and the large cruiser. The big idea is started. Despite official wrangles it will capture the world.

**Be Alert.**

Once the sea Powers begin reducing the size of warcraft by agreement, there is no logical end till navies become mere police boats. That's why the armament-makers have been so busy at Geneva trying to queer the pitch.

**No Roland for an Oliver.**

If reduction of navies means merely increase of air power, the whole conference is futile. That's the danger. The peoples must make it clear that what they are out for is reduction of all armaments.

**Peers on the Job.**

The House of Lords revising the Trade Unions Bill was a "sight for the gods." The handful of Labour peers succeeded in illustrating the Gilded Chamber's merits as a tribunal—where all Parties are given a hearing but only one Party has the least chance of securing the verdict.

**Checking Prosperity.**

The Economic Committee of the League of Nations, in taking up the subject of Customs tariffs, is doing work of essential worth. Inch by inch walls to hinder trade are being erected. The policy is ruinous.

**Keep Awake.**

Duties imposed on imported clocks and watches, for instance, have turned a flourishing trade into one of struggles and misery. Pride may be satisfied in some quarters, but pockets are emptying all round. Only fools kill the goose that lays golden eggs.

**Penny Wise, Pound Foolish.**

The re-export trade is being killed by similar stupidity. Customers who see marks indicating country of origin, next time naturally go direct for their goods. The brand is a veritable mark of Cain. It wards off business.

**The Bright Idea.**

The Australian Minister of Trade and Customs wants to stimulate "migration of industries." Why not? Australia has the space, and we have the men and machinery.

**Pioneering.**

Messrs. Morley, the Nottingham manufacturers, start the ball rolling with their decision to open branch factories in the Commonwealth. That's the ticket. Our own emigrants want work, and settlers certainly need the goods.

**The Changing World.**

For the first time in shipbuilding motor tonnage is exceeding the steam tonnage building in the world. That the lessened coal consumption will increase unemployment in the mines is an aspect of progress too serious to be ignored. Why not tackle it now?

**What's Lacking.**

Britain is now the leading export country for electrical plant. A lot more could be used in this country if facilities were ripe. Good statesmanship and big business must combine to ensure it.

**The Octopus.**

Manchester City Council received nine tenders for the supply of 70,000 electric lamps, and all nine were exactly alike. The "ring round the house" is elastic. It grips inside fittings as well.

**The Pivot.**

While Mr. Churchill sees improvement in trade over a wide area, he finds no boom. Taxation is the pivot round which industry spins. If he eased it for the wheels to spin faster the boom would soon come.

### Important Notice to Registered Readers

As a result of the recent storms all over the country, many hundreds of applications for benefits under our Great Free Insurance Gift are pouring in.

Our assessors are at the present time busy inspecting the damage caused by the storms all over the country, and our registered readers who have applied for benefits may rest assured that everything is being dealt with as speedily as possible.

The recent big storms have once again proved the outstanding practical value of John Bull's Great Free Insurance Gift.

**Expert Opinion.**

"Little satisfaction," declare financiers, "can be drawn from foreign trade returns for June." Those who clamoured for tariff walls now see the first result. And they don't like it.

**Dismal June.**

The brief hope of steady decrease of unemployment has disappeared. Briefly, the business outlook is not good. If the Government faced the situation squarely it could find the cause and remove it.

**Forewarned, Forearmed.**

The bright spot is the recovery of the iron and steel industries and quick recapture of coal markets. Only the most insensate folly will allow the collieries to drift to another stoppage.

**Eggs Pay.**

Up-to-date methods are bringing splendid results to poultry-farmers in this country. Business may yet abolish the hunt. Farmers, aggravated by their losses, are shooting the foxes.

**We Agree.**

Mr. Gordon Selfridge declares a beautiful child, a beautiful flower, a beautiful building and a sunset to be the loveliest things in creation. Abolish slums and land-grabbing and they might be possible for all.

**Nobility.**

"I forgive my murderers," were the noble last words of Kevin O'Higgins. All hearts go out in pity, not only to the bereaved, but to the unhappy souls who deem assassination the way of enforcing political opinion.

**It's a Pity.**

The dropping of the Wild Birds Protection Bill is the more regrettable because it is simply lack of agreement on methods. The promoters must try again. A countryside without birds is like a land without flowers, devoid of colour and music.

**Throwing It About.**

Bids at the rate of £2,000 a minute were made at a recent picture sale, and one canvas changed hands at 29,000 guineas. There's plenty of money in the country. It's only when it's wanted for public welfare that a shout is raised.

**Let's Have More.**

That rapid means of communication may prevent war was proved when the Greek invasion of Bulgaria was halted by the council of the League of Nations. Telephone extension everywhere would do a lot to prevent misunderstandings.

**A Real Conference.**

Men who fought against one another in the war have met in Luxemburg to further world peace, and German ex-Servicemen, for the first time, are included. It's a hopeful sign. The men who did the fighting are the men who know the cost of war.

**Play-work.**

The London County Council is considering, for congested areas, the possibility of class-rooms in fields where work can be combined with organised games. The plan must go forward. It's the happy, healthy child who makes the cheerful, useful man.

**Job to Hand.**
Housewives are complaining bitterly over the present price of fruit, and growers are lamenting no less loudly the inadequacy of the prices they receive. The conclusion is obvious to the meanest intelligence, and it is time the Food Council woke up and got busy.

**Poor Criticism.**
Edmonton Council is right in allocating four hundred of its new houses to the poor artisan class, giving preference to those with big families. The contention raised by Mrs. Barrass that such tenants would turn a housing estate into slum property and might sooner or later be "on the guardians" strikes us as particularly feeble.

**Cementing Peace.**
Oxford and Cambridge are to be warmly congratulated on having more than held their own in their friendly contests with Yale and Harvard. It is nice to win, but the real value of these international sporting events is that they make the peoples of the world better acquainted, and do more to cement peace than scores of conferences.

**The Old Sea Dog.**
Captain C. F. Oldham, of Canterbury, is eighty, and served in Queen Victoria's Navy. He found a stranger in his home at three o'clock one morning. The old sea dog went for his uninvited guest with such gusto that the man ran out of the house in dismay. We hope that Captain Oldham sails on for many a year before he gets into Davy Jones' locker.

**The Princely Gift.**
To Sir Harold Bowden, chairman of the Raleigh Cycle Company, belongs the distinction of making the largest individual donation to the National Playing Fields Association funds. Some men garner wealth for personal aggrandisement. Others, of whom Sir Harold Bowden is one, use it to make health and happiness for youngsters. His £10,000 is well invested. The music of children's voices will bring the interest.

**The Right Teacher.**
Girls at the County Home for Girls, Stafford, should be proud of Miss Glynn Jones, a mistress at the school. When Myra Gell, age seventeen, was drowning in the sea near Pwllheli, Miss Jones went to her aid until the waves eventually overwhelmed both and the girl was drowned. Miss Jones fought a long and terrible battle for the girl's life. That it was a losing battle does not dim the light of her courage.

**Give Them a Chance!**
"Eighty per cent. of the unfortunate poor condemned to endure existence in Rotherham's slums would make good if given the chance" is the opinion of Alderman Caine. What is true of Rotherham is also true of other towns. A clean environment, houses fit for the poor to live in, and knowledge for the man whose earnings are so low he cannot properly keep the children he brings into the world is the way to a better England.

**Strange Hoard.**
Though apparently reduced to raking among garbage bins for food, when the time came for an old man to be removed to the infirmary, suffering from senile decay, from his two rooms in Holborn, they were discovered crammed with valuable books, pictures, statuary, lamps, clocks and gem rings. What a pity that dust should have been allowed to lie thick on the treasures that could have both enriched his own and the lives of others.

**Bad Beginning.**
When John William Riley, of Preston, was fined £25 and his wife £5 for keeping a house for betting purposes, observation proved that 50 per cent. more women and children made bets there than men, even kiddies' clothes being pawned for the purpose. If only mothers would realise that they are robbing their little ones of much more than clothing by encouraging them in a practice that has led too many to debt, d spair, jail or suicide!

**Rich and Poor.**
Two Midland women who came to London on a trip, both wives of artisans, were sentenced to three months' imprisonment for shoplifting. Ray Spiegal, on the other hand, a Stoke Newington widow, said to be a property owner, got away with a £5 fine and £5 5s. costs for stealing a pair of silk stockings. Why this differentiation?

**Doing It Well.**
Major and Mrs. Arthur Atkinson know a thing or two about entertaining. Not only were 350 crippled children given tea in a marquee and treated to a concert party in their grounds at Elloughton Dale, but the kiddies were fetched from all parts of Hull in a fleet of some ninety private motor-cars under the supervision of Police Superintendent Scott. This kind of party is worth giving.

**Mean Theft.**
After working for his firm for thirteen years, Henry Watkins, of Bethnal Green, aged forty, succumbed to the temptation of stealing £40, money subscribed to a work-people's outing fund. Four months' imprisonment in the second division is not too great a penalty for a mean theft, which, but for the kindness of the firm, would have deprived his comrades of their outing.

**A Very Odd Fellow.**
It is stated that over £1,000 would be required to cover the deficiencies in the accounts of the Royal Norbiton Lodge of Oddfellows, owing to the defalcations of the secretary, Elias George Bird, a provision dealer of Kingston. To rob those who can ill-afford it is a despicable crime, for which Bird was lucky to escape with a sentence of twelve months' hard labour. Men in humbler positions have received as much for purloining the wherewithal to keep their bodies alive.

***The Human Machine***

# *Signposts*

***by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.***

POVERTY is a nasty thing; but the nastiest sort of poverty is not that of material goods. The real curse is poverty of thought, since most other evils spring from this.

Thought is not knowledge, nor is knowledge thought: a fact is the basis for thought, but until it *is* thought about it remains a very useless fact.

"Great piles of knowledge in the head," said Henry Ford, "are not the same as mental activity. A man may be very learned and very useless. And then again a man may be unlearned and very useful."

The truth is that there is more real satisfaction in finding out something for yourself than in merely stuffing into yourself all the things that other people have found out.

There is, in fact, a really solid satisfaction in thinking. Keen mental activity is just as pleasurable as keen physical activity.

After all, an able man is a man who can do things, not just a man who knows a lot; and the only man who can really do things is the man who thinks and uses his brains on the job he is out to do.

SHEER knowledge is no cure for ignorance. Many a learned professor couldn't boil a potato satisfactorily to save his life!

The really educated man is the man who can use facts as signposts to life, the man who can use his knowledge to distinguish between the true and the false and avoid the failures and fallacies which other men fall into because they won't *think*.

True education is a mode of life—not an encyclopædic knowledge of facts.

**National Assets.**
Some babes are being cared for at the Liverpool Nursery Home, and foundations that will mean everything to them in life well and truly laid. But what a tragedy it is for Merseyside that so many others are being constantly turned away because beds are too few. What is true of Liverpool is also true of other cities. Not yet has the value of the health of every child been realised by the State.

**Training the Workless.**
Instructional classes inaugurated by the Salford Guardians for unemployed have already in three months borne fruit. Out of ninety-five men dealt with forty-two have obtained work, and twenty-eight of these thereby become self-supporting. Employers in the city are being called upon to co-operate in finding employment for trained men who are found worth recommending. No help that can be given such a scheme can be wasted.

**Covent Garden Growls.**
Nothing has revealed the attitude of middlemen more clearly than the threat made by Covent Garden to boycott the vegetable produce of Kent farmers who have sold strawberries direct to wayside stallholders who have catered for motorists on week-end roads. "Thou shalt not sell cheap food" is one of the devil's decalogue, and the sooner those who try to enforce it are sent to the devil the better the world will be to live in.

**Sound Scheme.**
A children's church council, in which churchwardens, sidesmen, parochial treasurer and secretary are in their 'teens and chosen by the children who attend the afternoon service, is the happy idea of the vicar of Kew Parish Church. Happy because he finds that youngsters who are not attracted to Sunday-school will come to the service where everything except the preaching is carried on by the youngsters.

**Too Active.**
The trouble with Chris Maloney, porter at the Nelson Wharf of the Union Cold Storage Company, is that he works too hard. The sight of his energy and businesslike methods incited 150 regular and casual porters to strike on the ground that he was a menace to their jobs. Maloney, however, carries on. We congratulate him and may never a worse thing be said of him than his employers' pronouncement, "A man who sticks to his job and his principles."

**Everyday Heroism.**
Scarcely a week passes without the pleasing duty of congratulating a member of the police force upon a deed of heroism comes our way. On this occasion it is P.C. Pollington, of Dover, whose praises we would sing. A Southampton man, Charles Powell, fell from a dredger, and but for the prompt pluck of the officer, who unhesitatingly plunged to the rescue, the man would undoubtedly have been drowned. Truly a splendid body of men these British policemen.

**Physic for Ruffians.**
Two Wednesbury rascals, Raymond Willetts and Eric Walker, were recently sentenced to seven years' penal servitude and fifteen strokes with the "cat." Not only were they found guilty of office and garage breaking, but they held up Alfred North, a tobacconist, and shot him in the arm, wounding him so badly that he will remain a cripple for life. None but a weak fool would sentimentalise over the corporal punishment inflicted on these mad dogs in human form.

**Unwise Punishment.**
Although the Sheffield magistrates dismissed the case against Miss Lily Russ, mistress at Heeley Bank Council School, for caning George Broadhead, aged seven, so as to bruise his hand, let her not be too cocksure about her methods. To use corporal punishment, a form of correction that requires the utmost discretion if it is to be successful, for an offence such as talking in class is generally unwise and to be avoided by all the skill at the teacher's command.

**Girl Detective.**
The honour of having put the police in the shade in the matter of giving evidence rests with a twelve-year-old Leeds schoolgi l, Marjorie Jones, whose astuteness in reporting a theft of a woman's purse witnessed by her in Woolworth's bazaar was commented on by the Chief Constable. Marjorie is to be the proud possessor of a gold ring, his reward for her behaviour.

**A Lad of Courage.**
When James Henry Purbrick, an eighteen-year-old Molesey youth, was fishing by the Thames he heard his little sister cry, "Rene is in the water!" That was enough. He plunged to the rescue and brought back to life and liberty Miss McKay, a young girl who had been bathing, although she was nearly drowned. Purbrick will make a man who won't lose his head in a crisis.

**The Snag.**
That living on the "R.O."—the relieving officer—is now regarded as legitimate in place of work was told to Mr. Cairns, at Thames Police Court, by a woman who complained of her husband. He knocks me about, and drinks all the money he gets, was her story, and she thought it "a fair disgrace." So do we. And a bigger disgrace is the fact that the only way to give him work is to send him to prison.

**The Right Spirit.**
"Our organisation," declares Mr. Spencer, M.P., leader of the breakaway that led to the Federation of Industrial Mining Unions, "was conceived in a moment of anguish and despair, but born with both hope and determination." In other words, its 70,000 members refuse to take their politics ready made, whether cast in Russian or other mould, and mean to form their own opinions. What a pity noisy agitators so often fail to recognise it.

**We Score Again!**
Mr. James Singlewood, of Witton Park, who had the misfortune to lose a leg in the war, recently obtained an increased pension grant. The extra allowance was not retrospective, however, and he was informed that it could not be back-dated. This struck him as unfair and he appealed to JOHN BULL for advice. We took up the matter and Mr. Singlewood has now received arrears amounting to £107 odd. Others in doubt should not hesitate to consult our Pensions Department.

**A Day's Madness.**
In the stranglehold of moneylenders, George W. Starkie, once employed at the Board of Trade, did a desperate thing. Possessing four advice and P.O. forms obtained from the Mercantile and Marine department, he filled in fictitious names and drew out cash to the value of £100. Neither a previous good character nor friends are wanting him and we are sure that during and after his year's probation he will do all he can to wipe out the memory of that one day's madness.

**Jobs Going Begging!**
The statement of Mr. H. Ricketts, a solicitor "compelled" to plead guilty on behalf of a Norfolk farmer because the latter, owing to shortage of labour," could not spare" the necessary witnesses to come to court, must be taken with a grain of salt. Even more credulity is needed to swallow the statement that "right through the summer there is work at £3 a week for hundreds of men at sugar-beet hoeing," but who cannot be hired. At £3 a week thousands would jump at it.

**A Needed Hint.**
The opinion of Dr. Ruby Bell, of Liverpool's Public Health Department, that children ill of "non-hospital" complaints are best nursed at home, merits consideration. Her point is that both parents should take a hand, and why not? If "father-craft," or rather "parent-craft," instead of merely "mother-craft," was taught, it would do more than help in physical sickness. Many children would be saved from the moral ill-health now landing them in the juvenile police-courts.

**He Gave his Life.**
During storm repairs at Blythe Road power station, West Kensington, Albert Smith-Ray, a foreman from Hammersmith Electricity Department, received a shock of 2,000 volts. A man named Matthews dashed to drag him clear, and he too was knocked helpless. Released by other workers, Smith-Ray lives, though badly burned, but his would-be rescuer died almost immediately. No soldier on a battlefield ever died more nobly.

**Gushing "Guarantee."**
"Ten shillings," we read in a circular, "secures the Alma Pearce solution service for three months with a signed 'Somerset House' stamped guarantee of a first prize." Miss Alma Pearce is a professional competition solutionist, who conducts her business from Wellington Mews, Hastings. Apparently she would rather win £1,000 for a stranger in return for the modest 10s. fee than set about winning all the world's first prizes for herself!

**On the Hop.**
Not so very long ago the indefatigable Mrs. Morgan was advertising for domestic workers from "Wellbank," Redcliffe Bay, Portishead, and asking applicants to furnish a 3s. 6d. fee so that their names could be "registered." Mrs. Morgan has now left the address, where she was only a temporary boarder, and her landlady, Mrs. A. Beckett, has been caused no small annoyance through her erratic lodger.

**At Last!**
John Michael Strachan, the clever young rogue whose various exploits have been repeatedly exposed in these pages, has at last met with his deserts. Having operated extensively at Hendon and Ealing, where he had imposed upon numerous shopkeepers by passing worthless cheques, Strachan was arrested and brought up at the Middlesex Sessions. He has been sent to prison for a term of twenty-two months. This will be good news for those whom he has duped in the past.

**Bounceful Bence.**
"Our punters still smiling and being paid in full," announces the firm of R. Bence and Co., of Bath Street, Glasgow. This sounds well, but we have before us a bulky bundle of complaints from disappointed clients who complain that they have approached these Glasgow bookies again and again without obtaining satisfaction. In fact, their common experience seems to suggest that a more fitting slogan would be "Our punters still writing and hearing nothing!"

**Living his Motto.**
Years ago, Mr. Owen Edwards, of Cwmbwrla, won a first "Bullets" prize with the example "In Peril—Bravery's Born—Bravado Dies." How he lives the motto out was shown when Swansea Hospital broadcast an urgent appeal and Mr. Edwards gave a pint of blood in an attempt to save a life. Still feeling the effects, again he heard a cry for help, this time from a drowning boy who had fallen into a deep pond near his allotment. Mr. Edwards, after a severe struggle, brought the unconscious boy safe to land. Truly, bravery and not bravado rules Mr. Edwards' life.

**A Coincidence.**
Mr. Gus Hall, Turf Commission Agent, of "The Nest," Windmill Street, Brighton, informs us that two articles published in our issues of January 22 and April 23 last, and entitled "A Slot Machine Mystery" and "Turf Tricksters' Coup," criticising quite another Gus Hall, have been thought to refer to him. We desire to state that the articles in question in no way referred to him, and that, whilst regretting any annoyance which he may have suffered through the coincidence of names, in our view no reasonable person could have supposed that they did.

**100 Holiday Fivers!**
YOU'LL need some money for your holidays. Let *Bullets* do the paying! 100 Holiday Fivers and many other Holiday Prizes offered on page 35.

***Problems of Life***

# *A Crown of Thorns*

***by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.***

MANY years ago a young man walked into my vestry at the City Temple and sat down for a chat.

He said his name was Philip Gibbs and that for his sins he was condemned to be a writer.

*Sir Philip Gibbs*

I never saw him again, but have watched his career with interest from a distance ever since. He has not done badly in life. He is something of a celebrity, has been knighted, and occupies an honourable position among British authors.

Yet here is his frank and honest, up-to-date confession about life as he has found it:

"None of those things which seem to promise happiness really deliver the goods. Success is amusing for a time, but it creates new troubles and anxieties—the frightful thought of losing one's touch, the jealousy of one's rivals who have failed, the knowledge of one's own failure, which lurks in all success, however great. It is seldom more than a sham."

THE thing which chiefly grips one's attention on reading the above is the open avowal of a successful man that success is usually shadowed by pain and fear.

Not many successful men would dare to acknowledge this with the straightforwardness of Sir Philip Gibbs, but I have many times noted how true it is of persons whom the world envies.

Strange as it may seem, it is not only the people who have to pinch and struggle who are worried about the future. Strain and weariness of soul haunt the waking hours of many a man upon whom Fortune's gifts have been showered.

It is astonishing to find how often a man who has won a high position or a great reputation will acknowledge in a moment of confidence that he is beset by the dread of not being able to continue equal to what is expected of him.

He dreads failure and knows, or thinks he knows, that unfriendly eyes are watching for his downfall.

He cannot take life easily and quietly; he must always be on the stretch; he is ever apprehensive of the decline of his powers and the consideration they command.

SECRETLY he has never ceased to be surprised at the fact that he has come to be where he is; it seems to him more or less of a fluke and he cannot feel confident of its permanence.

He would rather not have risen at all than have reached a certain height only to fall back again: hence his frantic efforts to maintain his footing and his fear that he may slip.

Is any gain worth this price? I think not.

Better far is moderation and peace than a glittering prize and an unquiet mind.

# CAPSULES MYSTERY: Child Victims

## STRANGE HOSPITAL DISCLOSURES

### A Case for Enquiry

THE hospitals of London in common with all others in the country are doing great and wonderful work for the relief of suffering. Largely supported by public contributions, most of these institutions are continuously struggling to maintain their services.

The work of both medical and nursing staff is arduous and exacting. It calls for and receives unparalleled sacrifices.

There is so much to praise in all the work being done to cure disease and make broken people whole that it is with the greatest reluctance that we find ourselves compelled to blame instead.

***Alarming facts***

Certain facts, however, have been brought to our notice of so grave and alarming a character that we have no option but to state them.

In March of this year four children, three boys and a girl, all of one family, contracted the minor ailment of ringworm.

They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Chamberlain, of an East London suburb.

The two elder children, Wilfrid, aged nine, and Mary, aged seven, caught it first.

Soon afterwards the two younger children, Walter, aged four, and Henry, a bonny baby, only four months old, were found to be suffering from the same complaint.

Mrs. Chamberlain took her two younger children to her local doctor, and the children who were of school age to the school clinic. Here the children were treated once a week, and the mother was given some instructions to follow.

As none of the children appeared to be making any improvement, the doctor at the clinic decided that they should attend a local dispensary for a special X-ray examination, and cards of admission were given to the mother for that purpose.

When Mrs. Chamberlain took her children for examination, she was told the apparatus was not in working order and that she would be sent for later.

She waited a week and then called to enquire, but was told that the children would be sent for in due course.

After waiting again for some days, the parents were advised to go to a hospital. This they did on May 17.

***Distressing symptoms***

The children were examined and the mother was told they were all quite healthy apart from the infection.

The weights and ages of each of the three elder children were noted, and ointment and capsules were supplied for each in separate boxes, carefully marked with their respective names.

The mother was instructed that the capsules, three in number, were to be given that night in one dose. She was told that these capsules were for the purpose of loosening the hair and that it would be fourteen days before the medicine took full effect.

Mrs. Chamberlain was instructed to bring her children to the hospital again a week later.

The following week, on May 24, they attended again, when a further

*Mary Chamberlain*

dose of capsules was supplied for each child.

On the way to the hospital the eldest boy, Wilfrid, complained to his mother that his legs felt tired. She states that she mentioned this fact at the hospital.

***Nobody concerned***

A day or two after the second dose of capsules had been taken, Wilfrid was so ill that it was necessary to carry him up and down the stairs. His little sister was also struck down.

On May 31, Mrs. Chamberlain with some difficulty took her children once more to the hospital.

The eldest boy was not given any more medicine. A third dose, however, was supplied for the girl and the boy of four.

On the morning of June 7, Mary collapsed suddenly and became unconscious. Her mother carried her to the local doctor, who ordered her to be put to bed, saying that it was the capsules that had affected her.

Leaving the child in bed attended by a neighbour, Mrs. Chamberlain went to the hospital the same afternoon with her other three children. She explained why Mary was not with her, but very little notice was taken and nobody seemed concerned.

A fourth dose of capsules was supplied for the boy of four, but Mrs. Chamberlain refused to accept them.

Mary was attended for a few days by the local doctor, but she grew worse and one day five weeks ago, at the father's request, the local doctor gave him a letter to the hospital.

On reading this letter the hospital authorities instructed the parents to bring the child there at once.

She was taken to the hospital in a delirious condition the same day, and *has never regained complete consciousness.*

The following morning, June 12, the little boy Walter collapsed like his sister.

His mother rushed him to the hospital, where he was detained, and the authorities, concerned at last, asked for the elder boy also.

***Pitiful plight***

For five weeks these three children have been in the hospital. Occupying a separate ward, containing only four beds, the boys have been subjected to electric-ray treatment.

Mary has lain in her bed beside them with wide open eyes that see nothing, totally unresponsive to their calls, moaning pitifully now and then, hardly able to move or control a muscle of her wasted little body; her legs encased in splints, a surgical cradle protecting the wraith-like form that a few weeks before was a strong, plump, healthy, laughing girl.

The boys are recovering slowly and are to be sent to a convalescent home. The elder boy has suffered the least, but he moves and speaks slowly and haltingly.

Walter, the boy of four, cannot walk by himself yet and speaks with difficulty.

What a tragic little ward that is! A few weeks ago the three were bonny, thriving children.

They showed symptoms of a minor ailment, they were duly treated, and now, as a sequel, they are shadows of their former selves, one, at least, hovering on the brink of death.

The mother has been told that if her little daughter recovers, she will only do so very slowly and that probably it will be twelve months before she is better.

***Parents' distress***

She has been told also that the child may be suffering from a mild form of "sleepy sickness" and that if this is so there may be some permanent after-effects.

We ourselves are wondering what the explanation of this tragic episode may be.

The baby boy, now eight months old, has escaped. The affection has almost completely disappeared, his head is covered with a fine crop of beautiful hair, and he is a strong, fat, happy, lusty infant, as his brothers and sister were before him.

He was not given the treatment afforded to the elder children.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the agony of mind of the unfortunate parents. That is a picture which can be left to the imagination of all with children of their own.

Was a tragic mistake here made?

The circumstances demand the strictest investigation, and we must urge the committee of the hospital concerned to carry it out without delay.

# A Crafty "Captain"

### *Jersey Lads' Plight*

EVERY healthy British lad feels the call of the sea at some time or other, and there are certain individuals who are ever ready to take advantage of this fact.

One of these is a person named W. G. Harrisson, who operates from Mayesbrook Road, Chadwell Heath, in the name of "Captain Roberts."

Having attracted the attention of adventurous youths by means of advertisements concerning appointments on ocean liners, Harrisson usually proceeds to encourage applicants to send him fees, which seem to vary from 3s. 6d. to 5s., for special information as to how good berths can be obtained.

***Glowing details***

One of Harrisson's claims is that he devotes "special attention" to beginners, and it will be instructive for us to outline the experience of two Jersey lads in this connection.

Harrisson spared no pains to impress them with the attractiveness of life on board ship. "Apart from high wages paid," he wrote, "and the generous tips received from passengers, a golden opportunity of seeing the world is at your command."

The engaging "captain" went on to declare that he knew some men who had followed his advice and whose earnings during a season had reached, and exceeded, £750!

He was careful to add, however, that he did not actually obtain berths for applicants. He merely supplied particulars and instructions to enable his clients to apply for sea-going employment!

The two lads whose case we are considering eventually forwarded 5s., and each received instructions, which they were advised to follow carefully. They were also told to come to Southampton, where Harrisson promised to meet them.

Alas! they failed to find the helpful "Captain Roberts," and after wandering about dejectedly all day, they finally sought the Migration Department of the Y.M.C.A., to ask for advice.

***Money for nothing***

A kindly official there interested himself in their case, and, but for his intervention, their plight might have been sad indeed, for their resources were limited.

Through the influence of the Migration Secretary and the kindness of a big shipping company, they have at last secured berths as third-class stewards; but meanwhile "Captain Roberts" has pocketed 10s. for nothing.

While things have ended happily in this particular case, it will be seen that there are many lads who do not fare so fortunately.

Harrisson's so-called information can be obtained free of charge from any big shipping company, and his offers should, therefore, be left severely alone.

# PLAGUE SHIP: Startling Story

## HUNTING THE BUBONIC FLEA

### A New Peril

A CERTAIN amount of publicity has been given to the presence in the Port of London of a vessel infected with the deadly bubonic plague.

Since much has been left unsaid we now propose to tell the full story.

One day at the beginning of last week we had an urgent appeal for advice and assistance from a dock labourer. He told us the story of the plague ship.

We made prompt investigation and discovered the following facts.

On Monday, June 27, the s.s. *Plutarch*, of the Lamport and Holt Line, berthed at Victoria Docks, with wheat and sacked flour from the River Plate. Her crew was duly discharged, and the unloading commenced.

The dock labourers employed on the ship were disturbed at the unusual number of dead and dying rats, fleas and other vermin, they encountered in the hold.

The following day one of the labourers noticed a dead rat distended to bursting point. This spelt "plague."

The rat was accordingly wrapped in paper and conveyed swiftly and secretly to the Albert Dock branch of the Seamen's Hospital.

The rat was examined and found to contain bubonic plague bacilli.

#### *Suspicious measures*

The next morning overalls were served out to the men engaged in unloading the ship, and they were instructed to tie them carefully at the neck, wrists and ankles.

Dock labourers are men of brawn, but they are also men of brain. Many of them, too, have had a lifetime's experience of unloading ships from tropical climes. They know that the chief source of infection is the rat-flea.

It, therefore, did not need any very remarkable powers of deduction to lead them to the assumption that they were wearing overalls closed at the neck, wrists and ankles to protect them from attacks by this dangerous flea.

#### *Tremendous risks*

These precautions, coupled with the obvious discomfort of performing their arduous tasks so tightly clad, suggested that they were incurring risks at their work for which ordinary pay was inadequate and so, through their trade union officials, extra pay was demanded.

It was reported that an increase of 10 per cent. was offered and refused.

Apparently, bubonic plague is not a notifiable disease under the Industrial Diseases Act, and it was represented that if any of the men contractedthis dread disease there would be no compensation if they died.

The men were ordered to cease work by their union, and while negotiations on their behalf were proceeding, steps were taken by the authorities to exterminate the rats and other vermin by disinfection of the ship, which, however, did not fly the quarantine flag as it was "officially" clear of disease.

On Thursday morning, July 7, the work of unloading was resumed, *the stevedores wearing overalls and receiving double pay.*

It appeared to us an extraordinary thing that the presence of the plague-stricken rats on board a ship should be left to the chance discovery of men unloading her.

It was possible that members of the crew may have come ashore with some of these plague-carriers in their clothing, and, further, that the grain and flour might not be free from these dangerous vermin.

Accordingly, officials of the Transport and General Workers' Union were approached, and it was suggested that the facts were a matter of grave public interest, but *they firmly declined to make any statement.* The owners of the ship concerned were equally reticent.

#### *A big search*

The hospital authorities stated that bubonic plague bacilli had been discovered in the rats brought to them for examination, but that every precaution was being taken and all the cargo was being examined.

None the less we took steps to see that immediate publicity was given to the facts.

It is difficult, to the lay mind at any rate, to conceive how a cargo of grain may be effectively searched for fleas.

While there is no evidence that merchandise and foodstuff are means of dissemination of bubonic plague, there is the highest authority for stating that:

Plague can be carried by fleas from unhealthy rats.

Fleas can retain the plague bacilli alive for seven or eight days.

*Lord Ritchie of Dundee, Chairman of the Port of London Authority*

Man is, in the majority of cases, infected through the skin.

The rat flea, when finding no rat, will attack man, and it will also attack other animals.

It has been shown that infection may be caused through the excreta of fleas which have been fed on plague-infected rats.

#### *Laxity somewhere*

The question arises as to whether a cargo of foodstuffs from a ship known to be infected ought not to be destroyed, particularly that part of it which was discharged before the ship was fumigated.

While the admirable work of the Port of London Sanitary Authority is evidenced by the remarkable freedom from disease we generally enjoy, cases like this raise an inevitable suspicion of some laxity somewhere.

# A MONSTROUS PROSECUTION

## POOR MAN'S FIGHT

A BRISTOL gentleman named Mr. Henry Clapp is the most unhappy victim of an official ruling which would be absurd were it not for the injustice it implies.

Mr. Clapp owns a small hairdressing establishment in Bristol, but his duties are not overwhelming and he finds it possible to devote some of his spare time to casual undertakings.

Sometimes he plies the trade of "licensed hobbler," a term used to describe men who accompany steamships in small boats to lend assistance in the handling of ropes in order to get the vessels in and out of the docks.

#### *A straight question*

Last December Mr. Clapp happened to be engaged in rendering assistance of this nature to a steamship called the *Huronian*.

He was, quite naturally, financially rewarded for his services, and in due course he was approached by the unemployment insurance officials who demanded contributions under that scheme.

Before complying, Mr. Clapp asked if it was not a fact that, as he owned his own business, he was debarred from participating in any benefits.

#### *"It is the law"!*

He was told that the assumption was perfectly correct, and consequently refused to make any contribution in respect of his casual employment.

When the officials found that Mr. Clapp was fully prepared to stand his ground in the matter they retaliated by taking the case to the local police court.

The severity with which the authorities viewed the case may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Reginald S. Dodson, solicitor to the Ministry of Labour, of Whitehall, appeared in the court to prosecute the offender with all the pomp and majesty one might expect to accompany some very vital issue!

The solicitor was supported by the district inspector for the Minister of Labour, who stated that when he interviewed Mr. Clapp on the subject the latter had always declined to pay money into the scheme because he knew that he could not possibly derive any benefit from it.

This led the Bench to cross-question Mr. Dodson, who replied "It is an unfortunate thing, but it is the law, and we have to enforce the Act."

Finally, on seeing that the case was going sadly against him, Mr. Clapp appealed to the Bench. "Surely," he asked, "there is no law which can make a man pay for something he cannot get?"

#### *A preposterous proposition*

"I am afraid," replied the chairman, "that there is!"

And with this monstrous decision, Mr. Clapp had to rest content. Nor could he voice any protest when the Bench imposed a fine of £1.

We are pleased, however, that the magistrates showed their true feelings in the matter by refusing an application for special costs for the attendance of a solicitor from Whitehall, and a further application for witnesses' fees.

But what a preposterous precedent! And what an utterly absurd ruling.

#### *Absurd rules*

While the authorities admit in court that a man can hope for no return whatever for his money, their contention that he must pay all the same is upheld by the law!

Mr. Clapp cannot possibly be an isolated victim of this topsy-turvy ruling.

There must be many hundreds of other people similarly affected, and their position demands immediate consideration on the part of the authorities.

If the Ministry of Labour can go to the trouble and expense of sending a special legal representative to the other side of the country to present such a palpably absurd case, it can surely devote a little time and thought to revising its regulations to make them a little less like the efforts of a mental deficient.

# HARSH ON A HERO

## TORTURING A WOUNDED MAN

### A Hint to the Commissioners

BADLY wounded in the war; life savings invested; hard work under physical disability—this is surely worthy of reward. Yet all will be lost unless humane consideration is officially shown

"I DON'T seem to have a friend in the world. I have tried to win through, but God knows I'm just about at the end of my tether." Thus spoke ex-Chief Petty Officer F. Chamley to a representative of JOHN BULL. There was a catch in the man's voice as he spoke.

Nearly thirteen years ago Chamley was a popular hero. In a report of the first naval action of the late war, Heligoland, a London newspaper published his photograph among the wounded and beneath it printed the following laudatory statement:

"Petty-Officer Chamley, of H.M.S. *Arethusa*, although wounded in several places by a shell, refused to leave his post." So much for bravery; so much for fame.

***Life savings launched***

Chamley was never able to go to sea again. A position was found for him at the Admiralty in which he could conclude his twenty-five years of service and so qualify for a pension. He eventually received his discharge from the Navy.

About six years ago Chamley had the idea of securing the last seven years of a lease of a house in Loughborough Road, Brixton, and turning it into flats. The house is the property of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Chamley tells us that this house was in very bad repair.

However, he thought it had possibilities and that as he had been in the carpentry and painting branch of the Royal Navy he would be able to do most of the repairs himself.

He invested the whole of his capital, £600, which represented his gratuity and his life's savings.

Included in the property was a piece of waste land at the back, which looked like a disused brickfield. In the actual grounds of the house there were three lawn-tennis courts, and by dint of much labour and expenditure Chamley constructed another six on the waste land.

***Hard work rewarded***

Thus, by himself and with occasional help, he brought the dwelling back to a state of repair and considerably added to its value.

In order to make this twelve-roomed house suitable for flats, there was a certain amount of gas-fittings to be installed. This also he did. By and by Chamley began to see the fruits of his labours appear.

From each of the nine tennis-courts he gleaned £30 a season. His wife catered for refreshments to the players and so made a little more money.

He experienced some difficulty in the letting of the rooms in the house, however. The great stumbling-block was that no indoor sanitation existed in this large house.

It seems almost incredible that in such a district and under such ownership that this could be so. It is a fact, nevertheless.

The result was that the type of people he wished to attract would not consider living under such antediluvian conditions.

Chamley is not easily cowed. He bore with all this, endeavouring always to make his project a financial success. It meant work, hard work, yet he did not flinch, although he was from the outset seriously disabled and had to rest from time to time.

After all, a man whose spine is affected and who has a piece of shell embedded under his heart cannot be expected to do such labour as the laying-out of tennis-courts involves without feeling the strain.

*Ex-Chief Petty Officer F. Chamley*

Fortunately, until lately, Chamley had a stalwart son to lend him a hand in his work. That son joined the Navy and the father is alone.

Now, however, we come to the most tragic side of the hero's life.

***Is this the end?***

Some time ago the lease on the house expired. Chamley, whose health is becoming a more serious worry to him every month, longs to get away into the quiet of the countryside where he can build a bungalow and spend his remaining years.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, however, refuse to renew the lease for a longer period than three years.

What is the poor man to do? After expending his life's savings upon the improvement of this property, he cannot get a price worth considering.

Offers naturally faded away into thin air when the prospective buyers heard of the extreme shortness of the lease. He has importuned his landlords for even a five years' lease without avail.

For him everything, indeed, seems to have gone wrong. Even the medical board has reduced his disability pension, when obviously the man's health could not be worse.

We are aware that there are many such cases to-day, and it seems to us that the sooner the Bill to amend the law of leasehold property now before the House is passed the better.

In the meanwhile, however, we appeal most earnestly to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to remember how this poor, afflicted soul stood to his post in his country's hour of need and by doing so lost his most precious possession, health.

Has he not given enough? Must he lose all else he possesses?

# CRISP Mr. CRISPIN

## BLUFF FROM GEOFF.

### An Erratic Efficiency Expert

ENTICING offers to work-seekers are appearing almost daily and in these times find many enquirers. There is often a snag about the offers, however, which needs carefulness to avoid

"OUR top man earned £22 last week, selling well-known advertising signs. We have vacancies for a few more men. Send full particulars, in confidence, to Crispin, The Friary, Berkhamsted."

Behind this announcement lies a truly amazing story of unbounded optimism on the part of Geoffrey H. Crispin, who should have made a first-class writer of fiction.

But, apparently, Mr. Crispin is out to conquer in the prosaic fields of commerce.

A reader who answered the above advertisement received a communication from an office in Little Essex Street, Kingsland Road, London, N.

The notepaper was decorated with Geoffrey H. Crispin's name in red type, and announced that he was "sole manufacturer of Selfixa and Selumina Letters and Signs."

The letter informed the applicant that it was desired to obtain the services of a few really good and capable men who could "effectively cover the whole country."

***The best judge***

Mr. Crispin was confident that each man was the best judge of his own capabilities, so if the applicant was one of the people they were seeking he had only to send 3s. 6d. to obtain the necessary samples.

A final paragraph intimated that the venture had previously been carried on by "The Selfixa Company, Ltd.," now defunct, of which Mr. Crispin had himself been manager and secretary.

Now, the old Selfixa Company was twice commented upon in JOHN BULL on account of its practice of calling for cash deposits from all applicants for canvassing work.

And the company only went into voluntary liquidation about two months ago, and its affairs are still in the liquidator's hands!

How does it happen, then, that Mr. Geoffrey H. Crispin is advertising for canvassers on his own account? This is best explained by Mr. Crispin himself in a bulletin issued to members of the old canvassing staff.

***Artless admission***

"I am taking over the business of the company," writes Mr. Crispin, "and everything will go on as before except where there is genuine room for improvement. For myself, I am young, and youth is always regarded with suspicion."

Mr. Crispin's youthful optimism is revealed in a series of letters and bulletins sent to a young lady member of the canvassing staff.

"I lost a very considerable amount of money in the old company," he assured her on one occasion, "and I am sure things can be made to pay by myself."

We have no means of knowing the total amount of his losses, but we would remind Mr. Crispin that he was in control of the old company for some considerable time.

What new method is he therefore going to adopt to save the venture from coming to grief a second time?

***Strange oversight***

In another bulletin Mr. Crispin announces that he has decided to purchase the assets of the old company and to carry on as if nothing had happened.

Yet, when the lady canvasser referred to above complained that certain money was owing to her and that one of the company's cheques for £1 had been dishonoured by the bank, Crispin hastened to refer her to the liquidator.

By some strange oversight, however, he omitted to supply the latter's name or address. The lady also complains that repeated requests for this very vital information have for some reason been ignored.

We ourselves have succeeded in getting into touch with the liquidator concerned, who denies that Mr. Crispin has taken over the company's business.

While the liquidator admits that he authorised Crispin to collect certain amounts for the company when it first went into liquidation, this authority was subsequently withdrawn.

In the same way cold water is dashed upon Crispin's assertion that he is purchasing the assets of the company. The liquidator assures us that there are no assets he *can* purchase.

Who is right? There is, surely, something stranger here than a mere difference of opinion.

***Record of failure***

In his news bulletin for July 1, Mr. Crispin offers to advise his representatives on income-tax matters. He says: "We are not income-tax specialists, but we know the various finance acts and the many snags that occur."

Does he? In the face of the authoritative statements of the liquidator of the Selfixa Company, it would seem that Mr. Crispin has been running up against a surprising number of snags.

Whatever merits his proposition may present, there is no gainsaying the fact that former efforts were crowned with failure.

Let him produce his verbose bulletins by all means; let him interlard them with uplifting sentiments; but let him refrain from inviting job-seekers to send 3s. 6d. for positions in the business until its affairs have straightened out a little.

# AN IMPUDENT SCHEMER

## LIONEL'S SLY GOOD-BYE

### A Tour That Didn't Come Off

AN advertisement recently appeared in a certain newspaper calling for three young ladies for walking-on parts in a forthcoming theatrical production.

We do not know how many stage-struck girls have answered this announcement, but a Welsh reader who did so was favoured with an immediate reply.

"I am prepared to engage you for walking on," the letter began, and then went on to explain that she had been specially selected because the production in question would "probably open in Wales."

All stage dresses except shoes, tights and socks would be provided, our reader was assured, and the salary offered was £3 per week. The three items specified would incur an expenditure of £2.

"If you decide to take my engagement," he wrote, "please send me size of shoe; bust; hips and calf measurements, and your remittance of £2, when I will send you your contract."

***Unfortunate coincidence***

Our Welsh reader asked our advice in the matter, and we hastened to assure her that it would be folly to send the money in return for such a vague promise.

In the first place the note-heading on which the offer was made conveyed the information that "Lionel Westlake and Lord Somers" were presenting a comedy of youth entitled "College Days" in a provincial tour, to be followed by a West End season.

The address given was in Sydney Street, Chelsea, and all communications, it was stipulated, should be addressed to Lionel Westlake.

It is unfortunate that the Lionel Westlake whose activities we are investigating bears the same name as a reputable member of the theatrical profession.

***Necessary prelude***

Mr. Lionel Westlake, the well-known manager, is naturally highly incensed that the name is being brought into such disrepute.

We have no doubt, too, that Lord Somers, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., Governor of Victoria, will be amazed at the coincidence which sees the name he bears bracketed with such a venture. Meanwhile we hasten to give the public the full details of our own investigations.

Lionel Westlake of "College Days" has not long been installed at the Chelsea office.

Early in June, for instance, he was residing at Albert Road, Blackpool, and he was then advertising for a secretary at £4 per week.

One gentleman who answered his advertisement was granted a brief interview, during which he was apprised of the forthcoming production.

Mr. Westlake, however, declared that it was to open in Blackpool, and made no mention of Wales. He added, too, that it would be necessary to deposit a certain amount in cash before taking up the secretarial duties.

The gentleman decided to call at various theatres in Blackpool to see whether he could glean any more specific information about the "comedy of youth." None of the managers whom he called upon could enlighten him, but all were unanimous in advising caution.

He consequently called upon his would-be employer and made his doubts known. Mr. Westlake was quite unperturbed. "College Days," he assured the other, was only being "rehearsed" in Blackpool and would be produced elsewhere.

Quite convinced by this "explanation," the gentleman finally agreed to invest his money.

On the following day he was given an agreement form, on which his employer-to-be had recorded his permanent address as "The Stage Guild, London."

***Dismaying discovery***

When he subsequently came to press for further details regarding the proposed production, he was assured by his employer that it would be put on at the Lyric Theatre, Liverpool.

To satisfy all remaining doubts the gentleman made enquiries in Liverpool only to find that no such theatre existed!

He hastened round to Mr. Westlake's lodgings, but he arrived too late. The ambitious theatrical producer had gone to Brighton!

The gentleman then discovered that he was not the only person who had been left with a worthless [illegible]. Another Blackpool resident had also been "engaged" secretary by the absent Mr. Westlake, and he, too, had paid a deposit. When these two unhappy dupes came to compare agreements they found that they were dated on consecutive days, so it was apparent that Westlake had been negotiating with each at the same time!

We have lost no time in reporting all these facts to the secretary of the Stage Guild, who assures us that the Mr. Westlake in question is not and never has been a member of that organisation, and in giving its headquarters as his permanent address he has been guilty of a crowning piece of impudence.

We think we have said enough to show that girls should think twice before entrusting this engaging rascal with £2 to purchase shoes, socks and [illegible].

We [illegible] that the police will be [illegible]d in the foregoing [illegible] than one complaint has [illegible]ched them.

*Mr. Louis Casson, Secretary of the Stage Guild, who states that Lionel Westlake has never been connected with the Guild.*

# A Pub Puzzle

## Concealed Document Catch

ASTOUNDING disclosures were made the other day at a special transfer session of the Battersea Licensing Justices in connection with the summary dismissal of a Mr. B. G. Unwin, who jointly held the licence with a Mr. E. L. Short at the Falcon Hotel, Clapham Junction.

The justices had granted the licence to Mr. Unwin only a few weeks previously at the instance of Mr. Short, by whom he had been engaged as resident manager.

***A bombshell***

The slender pretext put forward for Mr. Unwin's summary dismissal was that trouble had arisen over his wife, who was employed as manageress, and that friction had resulted with the general manager.

Mr. Short then sprung a bombshell upon the justices by producing a power of attorney signed by Mr. Unwin for the transfer of the latter's licence to anyone he, Short, cared to appoint.

Now, when they had granted the licence in the first place, not one member of the Bench had been aware of the existence of this document. In other words, the granting of the licence to Mr. Unwin was a mere farce.

***Pretty problem***

Yet, when this point was raised, the barrister appearing for Mr. Short declared that such documents were "very common," but that they were "never shown to the justices"!

The Bench were thus faced with a pretty problem.

They were evidently not impressed with the evidence regarding the charges alleged against Mr. and Mrs. Unwin, but in the face of the power of attorney the justices had no alternative but to grant the transfer.

They added, however, that no reflection was cast upon either Mr. or Mrs. Unwin.

We hope that licensing officials everywhere will be on the alert to see that they are not taken in by this "very common" practice in future.

# Grist for Mr. Mills

## How Our £3,000 Ideal Home Prize Was Won

THE winning *Bullet* in our £3,000 Ideal Home Offer was entered in the name of Mr. Gordon Ellis, of Bodlondeb, Stanley Road, Ponkey, N. Wales.

However, it is not young Mr. Ellis, but middle-aged Mr. Arthur O. Mills, of Osborne Road, Rhos, who has secured the biggest *Bullets* prize ever offered—an Ideal Home, Furniture, Car and £1,000 cash.

Mr. Mills entered his winning *Bullet* in the name of his employee, Gordon Ellis. This Mr. Mills had been doing for some time, with the consent and approval of Mr. Ellis.

This is how Mr. Mills tells the story of his success.

***Wishing no good***

"For years I've set my heart on getting a *Bullets* First, and when this £3,000 'Ideal Home' Prize came along, I set about my *Bullets* with a mental picture of one of them at the top of the prize-list.

"But you can't win a prize just by wishing for it. You have to take up *Bullets* seriously.

"Take the winning line, for instance — WANTED — MINERS' BOTH 'ROOFS' SAFE. I wrote it half-a-dozen ways before I got it just right.

"You saw the miners' tumbledown cottages as you came up the hill? Well, I see them every day—and that *Bullet* says in simple language just what I've been thinking about them.

***Useful tips***

"A miner's job is arduous enough without having to worry about those two 'roofs'—the one above him as he works and the roof he needs to shelter his wife and family."

Mr. Mills is taking, instead of the "Ideal Home" Prize, a cash payment of £3,000.

"People are asking me for advice about their *Bullets* now," said Mr. Mills, "and this is what I tell them. *Don't* just concentrate on plays or double-meaning words. Think of something worth saying—then think of a way worth saying it."

Test Mr. Mills' advice for yourself this week. It may win you one of the hundred Holiday Fivers.

GOLDEN STICK 1/3
SILVER STICK 1/-
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A stick of good shaving soap well rubbed directly on to the face softens each bristle as nothing else can.

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Andrews

**Competition Results**

*Winning Title:—*

**"Lucifer meets his match"**

**1st Prize, £250, divided between:—**
Mr. A. Bowen, "Rindleford," Queen's Rd., Llandudno
and
Mr. G. Stuart, "The Ridding" West Runton, Cromer.

**2nd and 3rd Prizes, totalling £150, divided equally between:—**
Mr. A. De Grouchy, 69 Brookvale Road, Portswood, Southampton.
Mr. James McInnes, 42 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.
Mr. J. C. Clark, 10 Hildaville Drive, Westcliffe-on-Sea.
Mr. W. G. Chapman, 141 Hampton Road, Southport.
Miss Eustelle Cooke, 27 Baronet Road, Tottenham, London.
Mrs. A. Crook, 6 Blenheim Road, Gloucester.

The 265 further prizes have been posted to the successful competitors and a complete list of Prize-winners can be obtained on application to

Scott & Turner, Ltd., Gallowgate, Newcastle-on-Tyne

For upwards of 30 years ANDREWS has promoted healthful living by correcting the little Ills of Life as they arise, and the Proprietors acknowledge with sincere thanks the very appreciative testimony of thousands (received during the past month) as to the benefit which ANDREWS has brought to them.

4-oz. Size 9D

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IN the following article "Woodbine Willie" deals in his own inimitable way with one of the greatest problems of the day. He shows, too, how every one has a real responsibility and should play a part in helping to solve it.

# A Jolly Good Gamble

*by* **"WOODBINE WILLIE,"** *(The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.)*

IT is hard enough to help the chap that is down in these days, but it is as easy as drinking beer compared with helping the chap that is down and out. I have two marks for my fellow-creatures that come around to me, "D" and "D.O.," and there is a whole world between them.

I never count a man out until he loses his character. Even if he has come to utter destitution through misfortune, so long as he can look his fellows in the face and say, "I've never been inside a prison," I count him "down" but not "out."

It is hard enough to help "D," because in the majority of cases (God help any man or woman who once becomes a case) he is a poor creature. He is generally a weakling either in body or mind, or both. Silver and gold won't help him because what he wants is "guts," and you can't buy them.

When you ask old "D" what he can do he always says, "Anything," and that means nothing or nothing much. He is a problem and sets me scratching my head and searching my pockets.

### *The power of money*

But "D" is a royal prince on a golden throne compared with "D.O." Prison is not another place; it is another world. The worst part of going in seems to be coming out. Many a man never realises that he has been in until he comes out and finds that for all practical purposes he is farther in than ever.

The world never forgives unless the man has money. That talks, of course, and talks even the righteous round. If a man has money he does not ask the world for anything, and most men are willing to live and let live so long as you don't ask for anything.

But God help the man who does. If he is honest and tells the truth, in ninety cases out of a hundred there is nothing doing. If he does not tell the truth sooner or later someone comes around and tells it for him.

I got one chap a job as a waiter, and he was a good waiter and served four years without a word of complaint, and then some kindly fellow told the manager that he had seen the inside of Wandsworth, and he was on the streets within an hour.

It is always that way. Someone tells, and then it is all up. There is a kind of justice in it, because, of course, there are thousands of men without a stain of any sort upon their characters who cannot get a job and walk the streets until their feet are sore and their hearts broken looking for one, and, if we can't find work for the decent man, what right has the chap that has done for himself to expect it?

I often ask myself that question about both men and women. Mercy bids you help the fallen, justice tells you to look after those who are still, with difficulty, managing to stand, and from a practical point of view prevention is better than cure.

### *Big doors banging*

And yet there stands old "D.O." or young "D.O." "I don't want to go back inside," he says; "I'd sooner chuck myself in the canal and be done with it." What is to be done with him?

Prisons are better than they were, much better. There are all sorts of good work being done to redeem men and women, and there are societies doing yeoman service and working like Trojans to help, and yet men drift by thousands either back again to prison or to crime that is not discovered. Time was when there was a new world waiting them, and you could send them out West or to Australia, and often they did well there.

I had a man back from Canada not long ago that I sent out twenty years back, and he is earning more than I am, and looks a clean, white man. But the world grows smaller, and if you keep your ears open you can hear the big doors banging every day in the face of men like that.

### *Warning notice*

There are great notices going up all over the seven seas with "No ex-prisoners need apply" written large enough upon them to knock you down at a thousand miles if you have heard the grate of the warder's key and sat on a prison bed.

There is reason in that too. We cannot claim the right to dump all our cast-off children on the new countries; they have their own problems now. But it is a poor look out for "D.O." I wonder more of them do not commit suicide. It is hard to see what keeps them from it.

I often wonder whether I could stick it. Even when they break out into blasphemy and curse the Christian God, I have a sneaking sympathy with them, and I guess that God has too.

It does not seem to me that we can ever do much with this problem until more of us take a hand. The societies are snowed under and the professionals are overworked. It needs a small army of amateurs. But it is not anybody's game. The "poor - dear - fellow - I'm - so - sorry - here's half-a-crown" sentimentalist is no more good for this lot than a sick headache.

You need a firm hand, a hard head and a kind heart. I know that is a rare combination, but there must be some who have it. I recommend "D.O." as a gambling game to sportsmen. There is plenty of room for chance and skill in it, and you'll need to study "form."

### *New Grand National*

I've had some exciting times backing "D.O." for a place in the Grand National Handicap from earth to heaven with hell as a water-jump. Like all other forms of gambling it is a mug's game, and the chap that goes into it to make a fortune is a fool. But there are mugs and mugs, and if you are never willing to chance being a mug you won't make much of a man.

The thing to do is to take one chap at a time, never more. Make up your mind how much you can afford to lose, and then start in. You see "D.O." very often has more in him than poor old "D." There is some fine stuff comes out of prison. But you have to find it, and it is no good deceiving yourself or dreaming dreams; most of them are liable to go rotten.

You never can tell until you try them out, and that is a pure gamble. You will come up against some of the most delicately artistic liars in creation, men who can prove beyond dispute that black is white and that turnips are pink carnations. You will need your wits about you. Nine liars in ten maybe, but there is the tenth, and he makes the game worth playing.

It is that tenth man who haunts me. When "D.O." stands before me I try to imagine what it must be like. There but for the grace of God and a bit of luck goes me. Suppose I got into a mess and then temptation came and I fell. Then before I could turn around I was fired into that other world beyond the pale.

*The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.*

What would a parson look like to me? It stumps me. I cannot imagine what it would be like, and I am haunted by the tenth man. Does he never haunt you? I wish more sportsmen would have a go. Only sportsmen are any good—sportsmen and sportswomen. Kindly "old women," sentimental philanthropists, Ladies Bountiful, patronisers, prigs and pharisees no *bon.*

### *The happy waking*

Take them one at a time. Try them out. As soon as you are convinced they are rotters drop them like hot cakes. God alone knows where they drop to, but you have to drop them. It is no good blinking facts.

You will fail again and again. But one day you will succeed, and that night you will sleep well, and wake up happy in the morning with a good taste in your mouth. That is something a gambler does not always do on the morning after the night before even when he has won.

There are many kinds of gambling. There are gamblers in heaven and gamblers in hell, and all sorts of half-and-halfers in between. It is bunkum to say that all gambling is wrong and equally wrong. It depends on what you gamble with, and for and on.

To gamble with what you owe to wife and kids, for your own pleasure and on pure chance, is the lowest sort of gambling. It is all luck and no love. To back a bill for a friend you trust is a gamble. It may be very risky, but it is not wrong. It may be the highest kind of right. It may be luck, but it is also love.

### *A great game*

To bet your life on a great adventure as Captain Lindbergh did is a gamble, but it is getting nearer heaven in more senses than one. It is luck, but it is also pluck and vision of man's future in the air. Luck, pluck, love and vision, these things lift the gambler up even when he loses, as the lack of them drags him down even when he wins.

To gamble on old "D. and O." is gambling, but gambling of the highest sort. There is luck, his luck and yours; there is pluck, his pluck and yours; there is love, and there is vision. If you win he wins. If you lose, he loses, and his, poor devil, is the greater loss.

It's a game and a great game. It was started by the greatest Sportsman in the world when He said, "Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men."

# Candid Communications

*Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities*

**To HIS MAJESTY THE KING,**
**Buckingham Palace, S.W.**

YOUR MAJESTY,—At Prestonfield you touched a chord, to which every heart responded, in your declaration that housing, especially of the poorest, claims your deepest interest and sympathy. Your words will go far to stimulate others to follow Edinburgh's example in providing healthy and convenient homes in pleasant surroundings. It is this identification of yourself with the people's interests which maintains the security of the Throne. JOHN BULL.

**To HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,**
**Buckingham Palace, S.W.**

YOUR MAJESTY,—Because little East End children wept tears of bitterness as school regulations kept them from the streets during your recent visit, you invited four hundred of them up to the Palace to "see you off to Scotland." I doubt if ever Queen had such a God-speed as rang spontaneously from those young throats. In all the dignity of sovereignty you are still a woman and a mother. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. Lord LEE of FAREHAM,**
**White Lodge, Richmond Park.**

DEAR SIR,—Recalling the words of M. Clemenceau in 1914, "This war is far too serious to be entrusted to the generals," you declare that the Geneva armaments discussions are too serious to be left to the naval experts. Thinking men will agree. The will of the respective peoples must be behind each delegate. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.,**
**Unity House, N.W.**

DEAR SIR,—You have scored a couple of bull's-eyes, first in the information to Russian propagandists that they are subsidising, in the Communists, people without influence of any sort or kind, and secondly, in the advice to abandon the absurd idea that revolution can be engineered in this country. British working-men know how to manage their own business. That fact cannot be hammered home too often. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,**
**Secretary for Foreign Affairs.**

DEAR SIR,—That you are "a singularly cold man," not "prone to gush," adds weight to your declaration of faith in the League of Nations. It has grown under your eyes, and after three years in which you have shared in the labours of fourteen of its meetings, your confidence in its power and influence is strengthened. That belief I share. All that is needed is the will of every people to back it up. JOHN BULL.

**To Signor MUSSOLINI,**
**Rome.**

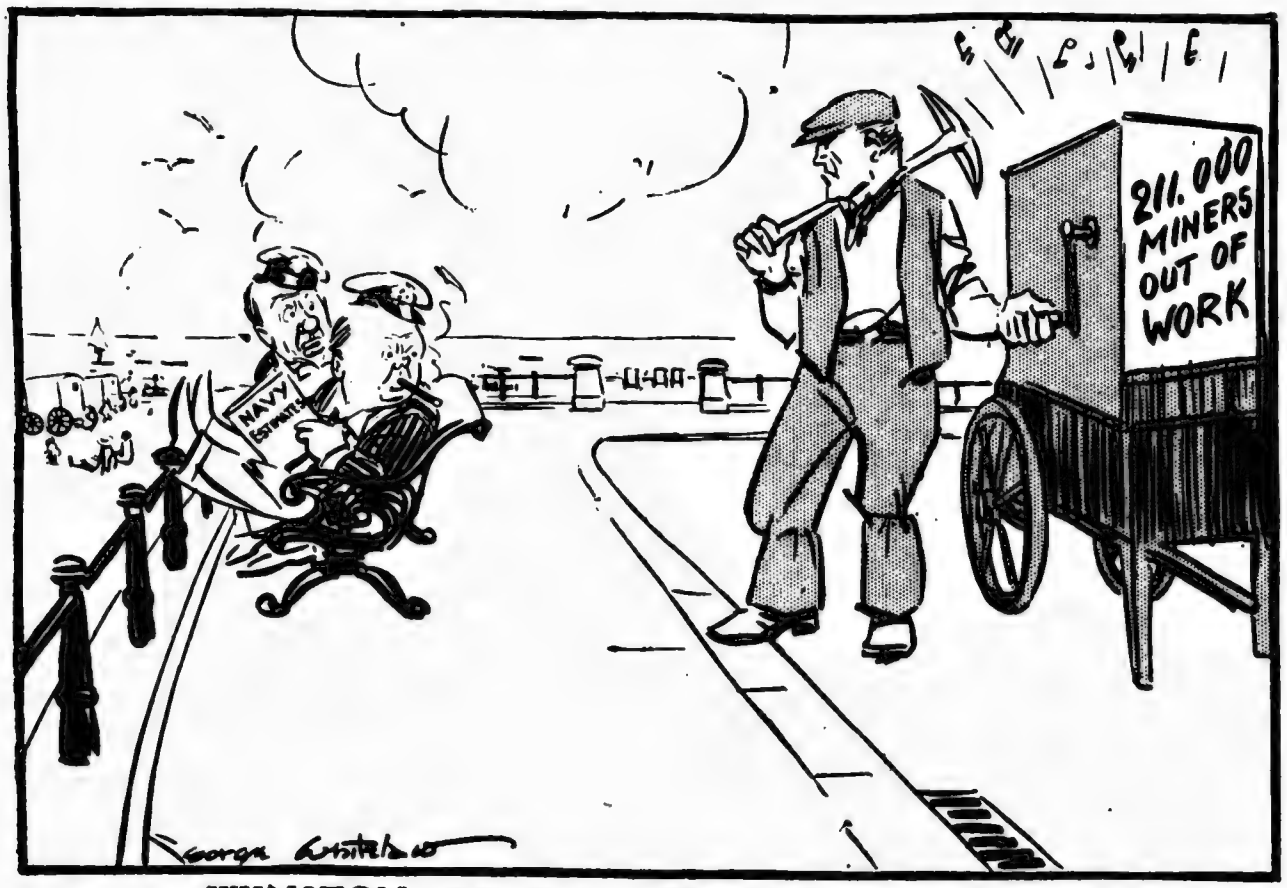
DEAR SIR,—In deporting to a small island the well-known millionaire, Signor Grassi, you have struck a decisive blow at the notion that Fascism spells strict discipline for Labour and merely "a good time" for all monied employers. Your foremost Fascist organ gives warning that "not the law courts, but clubs which batter heads" will be used against Capitalists who are egotists. While profoundly disagreeing with your methods I admire your impartiality. You are up against selfishness with a vengeance. JOHN BULL.

**To the BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,**
**Tavistock Square, W.C.**

GENTLEMEN,—I have long maintained that men and women possessed of knowledge vital to the health of the community are under an obligation of honour to make it public. It is gratifying to know you have come to regard the matter in this light, and have decided, within limits, to open your annual meeting to the Press. It is a step in the right direction. JOHN BULL.

**To the RAILWAY MAGNATES,**
**Great Britain.**

GENTLEMEN,—Once more the railway workers have rejected councils of violence, and proved their steadiness and worth. This must, with all good will and heartiness, be reciprocated. Grant an immediate amnesty to close all incidents arising out of the general strike, and reinstate men still out. JOHN BULL.




WINSTON: "Dash it! There's that man again!"

**To the Rt. Hon. Earl WINTERTON,**
**Under-Secretary for India.**

SIR,—Mr. Tom Shaw is an ex-Cabinet Minister, and I decline to believe that he would deliberately invent a story of having seen a British officer in a Madras hotel beat a native until a German intervened. I regret that Mr. Shaw allowed himself to be dissuaded from reporting the matter, but to protest that he has insulted the whole Army is piffle. It remains your job to discover the identity of the offender. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.,**
**Home Secretary.**

DEAR SIR,—You are terribly worried as to whether, or whether not, there are Russians over here whom it is your duty "to turn out," while equally anxious to preserve good Russian customers for our manufacturers. Australia, who expects to sell £170,000 worth of wool this year to Russia, knows its value as a market. She is profiting by our rupture. Concentrate on trade possibilities. Few things promote international understanding better than sound business relationships. JOHN BULL.

**To Councillor JAMES MATTHEWS,**
**Sandy, Bedfordshire.**

SIR,—For placing a spiked necklet round a cow's neck to prevent milk-sucking you have been fined £25 and costs at Biggleswade. The weight of this precious contrivance fell behind the animal's ears and under its jaws, and every movement caused the sharpened teeth to chaff and make a wound. Fines are little punishment to a mind able to invent such devilish contraptions. An hour or two of the jewellery on your own neck would have been suitable. JOHN BULL.

**To Miss CATHERINE MARY LYNCH,**
**Professional Nurse, Bath.**

DEAR MADAM,—In the words of Judge Gwynne James, you treated Miss Alice Campbell, a patient, with "callousness and brutality," seizing her by the throat, throwing her upon the bed and sitting on her. Yet you had the temerity to ask a court for your fees. I am glad that judgment was given against you, as well as on a counter claim for £49. Your "nursing" should be confined to sick Samsons. JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. WILLIAM McCRORY,**
**Hunter Street, Belfast.**

DEAR SIR,—I doubt if there is one to dispute your claim to being the oldest man in the United Kingdom, for your years number 107. You were ninety-nine before you thought of retiring from work, and you attribute your long life to simple diet, including porridge and oaten bread. You are no crank, however, since you enjoy your pipe and your glass. My best wish is that you may live long to enjoy both. JOHN BULL.

## Straight from the Shoulder

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT:—"I am an old soldier. I know what war is and I hate it."

*Then back up the League of Nations and make your hatred effective.*

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL:—"Very often we have less than seven weeks' food in this island for its forty-five millions of people."

*Big navies grow no food. That depends on the people's liberty to cultivate the land.*

* * *

MR. LLOYD GEORGE:—"The nation is not being led. It is being fooled about."

*Loud promisers seldom become good performers when they get into power.*

* * *

LIEUT.-COL. F. E. FREMANTLE:—"The rough average estimate of the net potential value to the community of each member is £200."

*Meaningless generalisation. What the community puts into the child it gets out of the adult—with interest.*

*Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor*

# JUSTICE FOILED BY THE PRESS

## EVIDENCE THAT PREJUDGES

### A Serious Position

WE are in total agreement with the verdict of the jury in the most recent Old Bailey murder trial. It was a fair and unbiased verdict and in accordance with the evidence.

At the same time, there was one incident of this sordid case which will leave all acute students of our legal system profoundly disturbed.

Prior to his arrest the man Robinson was interviewed twice at Scotland Yard. As a result of the second interview an alleged confession of guilt was produced. When Robinson appeared on the capital charge at the magistrate's court this was put in by prosecuting counsel as evidence, and was allowed to be read.

It was duly published in practically every daily paper throughout the length and breadth of the country. When, a short time later, Robinson appeared at the Old Bailey, counsel for the prosecution stated in his opening speech that he would not read the damning statement, as counsel for the defence objected to it.

And counsel for the defence was sound in his objection. But the startling fact remains that if the contents of the Scotland Yard document were not known to the majority of the members of the jury, it was not for any lack of opportunity for them to read it.

AS we have said, it had already been published in detail in practically every newspaper in the country. If it were possible for the decision of the jury to be prejudiced by the "confession" this must already have taken place.

Is this fair to a man who is tried for his life on the gravest of all charges? We say most decidedly that it is grossly unfair.

There is a well-known offence, chiefly committed by the Press in its less-guarded moments, called contempt of court.

If a newspaper publishes material which is calculated to prejudice the subsequent hearing of a case on which the comment has been made the editor is liable to severe penalties.

But is not the whole procedure of the English magistrate's court in cases which are bound to be committed for trial by another tribunal in itself the most gross contempt of that higher court by reason of the reports which are almost invariably published?

The same, of course, applies to the reports of proceedings at a coroner's inquest. In practically every case of a grave criminal charge which happens to be of absorbing interest to the general public, the prisoner, long before he appears either at the sessions or at the assizes, is heavily handicapped.

IT is the general rule, when there is no doubt that he must be committed for trial, for counsel briefed on his behalf to reserve his defence.

The proceedings at the magistrate's court are, therefore, very one-sided. The police evidence is given in detail; the rebutting evidence is withheld.

The twelve good men and women who will be empanelled on the jury who must try the prisoner, will be exceptional people indeed if they are not unconsciously influenced in greater or less degree by the reports which they have read in their newspapers.

If, at the trial, the evidence in favour of the prisoner, hitherto withheld, is overwhelming, no harm is done. But how many cases there are in which the weight of evidence, one way or the other, is altogether "clouded in a doubt"!

Is it not possible that in these cases the preconceptions which may have formed themselves in the minds of the jury against the prisoner are sufficient to send an innocent man to prison or to the gallows?

This whole question of the publication of evidence in the magistrates' courts which must afterwards be dealt with by a higher court demands serious consideration. It is not done in Scotland. There is no good reason why the custom should continue in England.

*Mr. Justice Swift, who tried the Robinson murder case*

# CORN, COWS AND CATTLE

## NO WONDER THEY'RE PUZZLED

AGRICULTURE and dairy-farming have suddenly leaped to the forefront as a first-class issue in this country. That is to the good. It is the first bright gleam athwart the dark and tragic pages of our land history.

The question of home-grown food is important to every country. But to the inhabitants of Great Britain in their sea-locked island home it is vital. That is why any general apathy on the matter is so alarming. It is, for instance, amazing that so little notice is taken of the way in which, year by year, acres of perfectly suitable land are dropping out of cultivation.

It is also astonishing that, instead of a statesmanlike policy of using surplus labour on schemes of land reclamation and afforestation, we are content to go on year after year paying out thousands of pounds to keep workless men in semi-starvation on the "dole."

Now we are being shaken out of this fool's complacency by sheer economic necessity. Visitors from overseas are helping to do the trick. The Mayor of Bulawayo is "sorry to find farming in England not so successful as it should be," and does not see, so long as we are competing on such unfavourable terms against Continental markets, how it ever can be a success.

Canadian visitors, thinking the same thoughts, instance their own methods as the way of success. Canada believes in growing and selling on the grand scale. Her resources are vast. In the great open spaces big business methods naturally suggest themselves.

Growing on a vast scale may not be possible in these islands, but intensive culture is. It is sheer pig-headed stupidity that, with the example of Denmark and other small countries, to say nothing of France, at our very doors, we have wilfully neglected this aspect of food-growing.

In Belgium such intensive culture extends even to the use of grass growing by the cobbled road-side. The humblest cottager has his goat or two, and where ever possible, an odd sheep tethered and tended.

The result is not only plenty, but a purity of food for all classes, such as among British working folk is shamefully unknown.

America has shown us the mints of money made by food-canning, and still we allow tons of good food to go for manure that could be preserved.

These and all such vital considerations are appreciated at full value in countries where the people are on the land. Our people are not on the land because they cannot be there. Possibly the Mayor of Bulawayo did not know, but that, and that alone, is our real handicap.

# THAT'S THAT!

## Blow for Faddists

PLAIN people will feel grateful to Sir Thomas Horder, the famous physician, for his recent attack on food cranks.

Amidst a welter of propaganda, the object of which is to scare the simple into the belief that if they don't eat more oranges and grape fruit, at whatever price the fruit profiteers care to charge, they will shortly die in agony, he has put in a good word for beefsteaks and the conventional diet.

He tells the story of how he nursed back to health a vegetarian doctor by feeding him on beef-tea and raw-meat juice.

That same doctor, he declares, is once more advocating for all kinds of complaints a diet of raw fruit and raw vegetables, meat being deadly stuff and milk little better.

The plain fact is that one man's meat is literally another man's poison, and what is good for the bulk of the people in one climate may be very bad in another.

A vegetarian who never eats anything more substantial than a nut cutlet may thrive on it. But so may his neighbour who is a glutton for sausages and pork.

In the same way, the diet of fruits and cereals which suits a South Sea Islander would be the death of an Esquimo, whose favourite meal is whale's blubber.

In our own climate the best diet is the one that has stood the test of time. If the roast beef of Old England is all that the faddists would have us believe, the race would have been killed off long ago.

And if the lettuce-eaters and fresh-fruit fiends were as wise as they make out they are, they would be healthier than the rest of us, which they manifestly are not.

Most of us have always thought so, but Sir Thomas Horder's advice, backed by first-class medical experience, is none the less welcome.

# A Barbaric Relic

**by E. ROFFE THOMPSON**

***A VERY famous thinker once said: "I shall ask for the abolition of capital punishment until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me." That, in a few words, is the greatest condemnation of the death penalty that has ever been uttered***

*Mr. Roy Calvert, who has written a striking book dealing with capital punishment*

THE other day a poor girl in a fit of frenzy murdered her illegitimate child. She was arrested and tried in due course, and in due course was sentenced to death.

Almost as inevitably she was reprieved, for we no longer hang women for this crime in England. We recognise that it is an act of madness rather than an act of premeditated criminality and behave accordingly.

We have become sufficiently enlightened for that. We have not become so sufficiently enlightened as to prevent these poor creatures going through the hideous farce of the death sentence.

This case brought, as all such cases do bring, the question of capital punishment into strong relief. It is really astonishing that we are so willing to allow a barbarous practice like hanging to remain in our system of even-handed justice.

### *Unholy alliance*

Punishment that savours of vengeance has no place in a truly judicial code. The death penalty is a barbaric survival which rests solely on the theory that justice and vengeance have something in common. It is a horrible thing, and even those who maintain that it cannot be abolished do not pretend to like it.

I can never see any justification for capital punishment any more than I can see any justification for war from the purely Christian standpoint. The basis of Christian ethics is the Ten Commandments, and the Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," has not ever to my knowledge been amended to exclude Governments.

"Thou shalt not kill" means "Thou shalt not kill," not sometimes, but all the time, and if we were really the practical Christians that we profess to be, we should see that it was rigidly obeyed.

### *Distorted views*

I do not often refer to books in these pages, but there has recently come from the press a book so striking that I think everyone with any regard for social ethics ought to read it.

Mr. Roy Calvert, in his book entitled "Capital Punishment," has achieved the very difficult task of dealing with a highly controversial subject in a purely non-controversial manner.

The chief argument used by those who favour the retention of capital punishment in our judicial code is that it acts as a deterrent. They believe that if we were to abolish capital punishment the number of murders would straightway increase.

It so happens that there is a good deal of evidence on this point, evidence that cannot well be disputed, and evidence that can be gathered from all over the world.

Few people, I think, realise the number of countries in which capital punishment has been abolished. In Belgium, for instance, although capital punishment is still on the Statute Book, it has never been used since 1863, penal servitude being the inevitable punishment for murder.

Despite the fact that a murderer knows he will not be hanged, there has been no increase in the number of murders committed since executions were abolished.

In 1898 fifteen men were convicted of murder. From this until recent years the numbers have varied slightly. In one year they rose to thirty, but on the average they remained round about fifteen.

Holland abolished capital punishment in 1870. In that year the convictions for murder and attempted murder in Holland per thousand of the population were .08. In 1922 they were .07.

### *A lead to follow*

The average number of convictions per thousand of the population for the twenty years after capital punishment was legally abolished was exactly .09.

Norway abolished capital punishment, and so far from this leading to an increase in murder, the following years were marked by a large decrease. Portugal tells the same story. So does Roumania. So does Sweden.

Glancing through Mr. Calvert's book, we cannot come to any other conclusion except that in every case where justice has kept pace with humanity, the result has been the very opposite of what the pessimists would have foretold.

Certainly in no single instance is there any evidence of a permanent increase in murder as the result of the abolition of capital punishment; and if other countries, and among them some of the most enlightened countries in the world, find that they can get on as well or even better without the barbaric law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, there is no reason on earth why this country should not follow their lead.

I do not think that any judge nor any experienced barrister, still less any doctor, would dispute that very few murders indeed are committed in cold blood. They would one and all agree that the vast majority of homicides are under the influence of frenzied passion at the time of their crime.

If this is so, and I think it is almost universally agreed, no deterrent is going to prevent a temporarily insane man from the results of his insanity.

### *Revengeful relic*

British law has for a long time recognised that murder possesses degrees of crime. The very fact that juries frequently add to their verdict of guilty a strong recommendation to mercy shows that even the common man is fully alive to this.

And in far too many cases judge, jury and Home Secretary combined play out a solemn farce, as I showed at the beginning of this article, in the full knowledge that at the end the dread sentence of the law will calmly be set aside.

Lord Buckmaster once said in a speech: "If we believe life to be the most mysterious and sacred thing there is, we are through capital punishment degrading the very thing we should hold high, and in executing the criminal are committing the same crime as that for which he has been condemned. . . . Even looked at materially, the death penalty fails utterly of its purpose. It does not stop murders in the least.

"A man does not commit murder after methodical calculation. He commits it because his environment has not taught him to exercise control over his savage feelings, and the only remedy is to improve all standards of conduct and thus make crime a matter of social aversion."

I think Lord Buckmaster is entirely right, and I think Mr. Roy Calvert in his book has produced overwhelming evidence to support this view.

It is rather astonishing that we as a nation should pride ourselves on the quality of our judicial system and still allow to remain in its very heart a relic of a barbaric and vengeful past.

# Is this

***Money badly needed is wasted every day in sentimental display. It is time that commonsense took its place***

"AY, but it wor a grand do!" I heard the comment a short time ago. The "grand do" was a *funeral!* It illustrates fairly enough a pretty common attitude toward burials.

*Mr. A. F. Holt*

They are "shows," and this itch to make a lavishly staged drama of the sad task of interring the dead leads to the spending of millions of money on the dead that the living need.

I heard recently from a woman who had just buried her husband. He had had a lot of "broken time" during the last few years. They had not found it an easy task to make ends meet. The man's life was insured for £50, and they had found it difficult at times to keep the policy "good."

He is buried now. He was buried in style: a panelled coffin, six coaches and a hearse, and a widow and children in hea and expensive weeds. A feast for relatives and friends in a reserved room in a restaurant followed the interment.

And after all was over the widow found that in spite of the insurance money she was £19 in debt, with nothing to depend on save what little she can earn by charing, until she gets her widow's pension. Her mourning clothes have had to go to the pawnshop.

LAST week I met a woman who, four years ago, spent £107 on a noble memorial which now towers above her husband's grave. She also spent over £60 on the funeral. The two sums represented practically the whole of the savings of a life-time. To-day the only real solid meal she gets is when a friend gives it to her or provides for it.

I have noticed recently reports of three applications, made by widows who had lost their husbands in industrial accidents, for payments out of the regular course from compensation money in order that the widows might pay the funeral expenses of their late husbands. The amounts applied for were £53, £62, and £69.

The cause of much of this excessive expenditure on funerals is that the bereaved ones know that

# The Coming Bonfire

**by A. G. GARDINER**

***MORE than two hundred thousand miners unemployed; coal dumped abroad at less than cost price; angry discontent spreading underground, only kept in check by poverty—such is the gloomy prospect in the coal industry. And yet the Government does nothing !***

IF we had not long since given up Mr. Baldwin in despair, we might hope that the moving speech of Mr. Varley last week would awaken him to action. It was all the more moving because it was so reasonable and unembittered. Mr. Varley is not of the Cook kidney. He is concerned with facts and not with revolutionary ideals, and he wants peace and not strife.

He does not threaten a strike, for he knows that is impossible on any serious scale. The miners are "down and out." The stoppage last year hit the coal trade and the country hard, but it hit the miners harder. It left them bankrupt and the whole trade union movement impoverished, and no strike can be conducted from the start on empty pockets and empty stomachs.

### *Foundation sinking*

But what Mr. Varley sees is a spirit of despair and deep-seated resentment among the miners and a growing chaos and ruin in the coal trade. The miners are beaten, but they are not reconciled ; the trade is drifting from bad to worse ; the Government stands idly by waiting for the new crisis to develop, doing nothing to avert it.

Mr. Austin Hopkinson, in a peculiarly fatuous speech, pretended that all this talk about the coal crisis was Party flapdoodle. There is Party flapdoodle in the discussion of most public issues and there may be Party flapdoodle in the discussion of this, but no one in his senses can be unaware that the coal question is still the problem that overshadows every other domestic subject.

As Mr. Hopkinson's leader, Mr. Churchill, admitted on Wednesday, his three years at the Exchequer have been overclouded by coal. "First the subsidy ; then the stoppage ; now the after-consequences."

And the cloud doesn't lift. And foolish Mr. Hopkinson says it isn't there. Not there ! In what world does Mr. Hopkinson live that he can be guilty of such folly ?

The cloud is not only there, as Mr. Churchill admits, but it is more menacing now than at any time. It is not the menace of a strike that we have to fear ; but the sapping and mining of the industrial foundations of the country. Our commercial greatness has been built on the pre-eminence of British coal, and it is that foundation which is giving way.

### *Old methods must go !*

It is giving way because our methods are old and worn out and because we have not the wit and the enterprise to modernise them to meet the revolution that has taken place in the world.

Great countries which were formerly dependent on our coal for their industries—Italy, for example —have discovered the uses of water power and electricity and have largely ceased to buy. Oil has entered the field as a competitor with coal, and ships that used to fill their bunkers at Cardiff now fill their holds with oil at New York or at any other port that is handy.

Countries have discovered coal seams, and instead of being customers of ours have become competitors. The war came and lost us our South American market to the United States. We have never recovered that.

The strike of last year came and dealt us the heaviest blow of all. For the first time in its history England was kept going with foreign coal, and our customers all over the world went elsewhere.

All these things do not mean that the British coal industry is finished. But they do mean that the old easy supremacy has gone, that we no longer have the world to ourselves, that we have to fight hard for our place in the sun, and that the old methods must go.

And it is this fact that is implied in the discontent of the coalfields. It is this fact that every intelligent observer sees. It is this fact to which the Government turns a blind eye and a deaf ear.

Mr. Baldwin seemed awake to it three years ago when he came into power with the message of "Peace in our time." He was awake to it

*Mr. Austin Hopkinson, M.P., who says he sees nothing in the discussion of the coal situation but Party flapdoodle*

even when he made that fatal gift of twenty-three millions to the coal trade to stave off a strike and to buy a policy.

He did not stave off the strike and he disowned the policy. He disowned the policy not because he did not think it was a good policy, but because neither masters nor men approved of it. The very reason that showed it was just was the reason he gave for dropping it.

### *Staggering and floundering*

That was his fatal mistake. That mistake is unredeemed to-day. The miners, beaten and sullen, bide their time. The masters flounder helplessly along the old path of ruin.

We are dumping coal abroad under cost to win back our markets ; but here at home where alone the battle will be lost or won, nothing is being done to bring order out of chaos.

While France and Germany have reorganised their coal industries from top to bottom ours remains obsolete and antiquated. The whole vital principle of unification is ignored. It has been adopted in the Ruhr ; it has been adopted in the Pas de Calais. But here we stagger along with 715 different colliery undertakings, excluding the small ones, all competing, all different in working, all cutting one another's throats.

Mr. Varley mentioned two cases in one coalfield. Each mine produces a million tons a year. But one is modernised, the other out of date. One makes a profit of 5s. a ton ; the other makes a loss of 5s. a ton. And in order to keep the inefficient mine going inefficiently every interest has to be sacrificed—the miners, the consumer, industry and national prosperity.

### *Fatuous fiddling*

And until the mines are unified there can be no remedy for the scandal of selling agencies, which is one of the most notorious blots on the trade. Even so blazing an absurdity as the royalty system is left untouched. Everything is left untouched, drying and maturing for the next bonfire.

Does Mr. Baldwin not see that fiddling with the House of Lords and tariffs on women's stockings while this terrific cloud is undispersed means not only ruin to the industry, but disaster to himself and his Party ? He can still save both, but he can only save them by heroic action.

He can only save them by sweeping all vested interests aside, and putting the whole chaos of rivalries under one system of control which will unify, reorganise and modernise the industry, abolish its anomalies and make it efficient for the struggle with the world.

If he cannot do this he must go, and we must turn to someone who can and will do it.

# Respect ?

**by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT**

the neighbours will flock to watch them, not out of respect, but out of curiosity. Funerals are shows which few neighbours, in the poorer neighbourhoods particularly, apparently care to miss.

After the "show" is over the spectators comment approvingly or disapprovingly according to whether the display is lavish or what they consider "mean." It is the aim of the bereaved husband—or wife—to elicit the comment (commonly heard) that he "has put her away properly," or that she "has done her duty properly by him."

The truth is that when a widow spends extravagantly on the funeral she is not doing her duty either by the dead or the living.

I AM told that a lavishly carried out funeral is one way of showing respect for the dead ; but think for a moment. In what way does a widow show respect for her husband by giving him a funeral showy and expensive beyond her means ?

If she thinks that when buried he is dead—done for, finished with—it is obvious that the kind of funeral he gets matters nothing at all to him.

If, on the other hand, she believes, as perhaps most of them believe, that he has only passed on ahead and is able to watch all that goes on in the world he has left, she cannot also believe that it would please him to see the woman he has left behind spend on vain show the money she will need for herself and her children.

The greatest compliment one can pay to the dead is to look after the living they have left behind. To waste money on a parade of woe is not an offering of respect, but of insult. It assumes that the dead are pleased by displays given only at the expense of the living.

THE day may come when the civic sanitary service will conduct all funerals, of rich and poor alike ; collect all bodies and quickly, quietly and respectfully convey them to the local crematorium, there to be disposed of sensibly and at little cost.

Public opinion, public sentiment, may long delay its coming, but something, at least, might be done to turn the public sentiment in the direction of simpler funerals for the sake of the living.

Yes, respect the dead : but take thought also for the living. A little group of reverent mourners following quietly behind the coffin is often evidence of more real respect than carriages and high-stepping horses and nodding plumes and all the rest of the ghastly paraphernalia of paraded woe.

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Do you dread every movement? Do sharp pains strike across the small of your back? Are your limbs rheumatic and stiff? Do you experience scanty, too frequent, or painful urination? Then, use Doan's Backache Kidney Pills without delay. They give to weak kidneys the strength they need, and so prevent, as well as relieve, symptoms of kidney weakness.

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"I heard about Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and took a proper course of them. In five weeks, I was quite well."

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*Made by Doan's.*


# FAMOUS PARK: Scandalous Facts

## HIDDEN MOTORING MENACE

### Police Action Needed

THE other day a girl appeared in the Westminster Police Court to answer a charge of supposed drunkenness. She should never have stood in the dock. No liquor had passed her lips; she had been drugged!

Yet doubtless many would have found it difficult to believe her sensational assertion that her condition was the result of having accepted a casual invitation from a motorist in Hyde Park.

Yet such was the case. She had merely gone for a motor ride and had been drugged while in the car!

We have lately investigated several similar complaints, and in the course of our enquiries we have discovered that this form of outrage is spreading to an alarming degree.

***Artful ruses***

A long series of terrible drugging outrages has been perpetrated by men apparently of good education, position and wealth.

From observation it would seem that the walk between Hyde Park Corner and Marble Arch is the principal area affected.

Here shop girls and business girls, wishing to read in solitude, can sit in comfort away from the denser crowds which surge in the neighbourhood of the bandstand.

Full advantage is taken of this by the rascally motorists who adopt various ruses in order to attract the attention of innocent working girls.

A graphic picture of the methods of the rascally fraternity is afforded by the experience of Miss Keith, who a few months back acted as secretary to a Surrey institution. She came to London for the week-end and went to Hyde Park to hear the band.

Afterwards she paused to rest on a seat midway between Hyde Park Corner and Marble Arch.

Presently a well-dressed, middle-aged man drove up in a handsomely appointed limousine and stopped at the kerb. He signalled her to come to the car, but she took no notice. Finally he left the car and came across to where the girl was sitting.

***Courteous scoundrel***

He simply forced his attention upon her and eventually suggested that it was an ideal evening for going for a drive. His dignified bearing and pleasant manner reassured the girl and at last she consented to go.

Her companion showed her all the courtesy possible and then casually offered her a cigarette.

What then happened is best expressed in her own words: "I suddenly felt awfully dizzy," she declared. "My head went round and round and it seemed as if I was tongue-tied."

This unhappy girl remembered nothing more until nearly 2 a.m., when she came to her senses to find herself lying on the grass in some open space.

She walked some distance and finally boarded an early morning tram which took her to Tottenham Court Road. Later she concluded that she must have been left lying on Hampstead Heath. She is convinced that the cigarette was doped.

***Paying the price***

Like many girls who have been victimised in this fashion she refrained from going to the police simply because she did not wish her folly to be made public. In this way the scoundrel who treated her so shamefully has gone scot-free.

Only just recently a young girl in her teens was induced to accept a

*The Rt. Hon. Viscount Peel, G.B.E., First Commissioner of Works, whose attention we call to the facts here given*

lift in a two-seater car. She was a respectable typist, living with her parents and was accustomed to a comfortable home. To-day she is paying a very heavy penalty for her thoughtlessness.

She has lost her position, has been ignominiously turned out by her parents and has to live where she can.

It was a cowardly trick that brought her to such an unhappy pass. The courteous motorist, who had every appearance of being a 'Varsity man, behaved charmingly until he offered her some chocolates.

These happened to be drugged, and the outcome of it all was that a few months later the betrayed girl discovered to her consternation that she was destined to become a mother.

She endeavoured to keep her condition from her parents and desperately sought all sorts of remedies.

But it was of no avail and at last her shame could be kept from her parents no longer. A pathetic scene followed and she was ordered from the home, now having the responsibility of supporting a baby.

Her parents, it seems, could not bring themselves to believe that such a dreadful thing as she had suggested could possibly exist in a civilised community.

They accused her of inventing the story and the guardians of the Fulham Infirmary, where the child was born, were equally dubious.

Alas! It is all too true, and the victims of such scoundrels are not always of the innocent type.

Women of a certain class who frequent Hyde Park, and who may be presumed to be more cautious than the business girls, have themselves been subjected to similar outrages.

***Police handicapped***

In one instance where such a woman accompanied a young motorist for a drive she thought that little harm could befall her. They stopped for a moment at a public-house, where a small glass of port was ordered for her.

Ever vigilant, she saw no possibility of the wine being tampered with, yet as soon as she returned to the car she collapsed!

When she awakened several hours later she found herself sitting on a seat in an obscure part of the park.

When worldly wise women are taken in like this we may well tremble for the safety of young girls who frequent the park for nothing but innocent amusement.

The police are by no means oblivious to this motoring menace, but their greatest difficulty, as we have hinted, is in getting a victim to come forward and give evidence.

Another handicap is that the pests concerned usually operate after dusk so that even when a girl has the courage to come forward and face publicity she has great difficulty in identifying her deceiver.

***Big step forward***

The police would be only too happy to set examples, and magistrates would doubtless impose very severe sentences if only the necessary evidence were forthcoming.

While the police keep a sharp look-out it will be understood that it is impossible to arrest every motorist who takes a foolish girl for a drive.

But drastic measures can at least be taken to cleanse the park of motorists who are known to make a practice of deliberately accosting young girls and forcing their attentions upon them in the manner we have described.

When once habitual offenders have been ear-marked as the result of patient observation a big step will have been taken towards ending a most outrageous scandal.


***"JOHN BULL,"***
***The ONLY Paper that pays Storm and Flood Benefits***

# MOTHERS TEMPTED to MURDER

by DR. MARIE STOPES *(President of the Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress)*

**WE pride ourselves on our system of education, and are continually devising new methods to make it better. Yet knowledge that has an important bearing on the welfare of the nation is stubbornly withheld by those in authority**

THE other day, one of the readers of JOHN BULL sent me a letter begging for some information. I wonder whether the woman who wrote it realised that she laid herself open to a criminal charge by urging me to do a criminal act? Had I acceded to her request, I should have been liable to penal servitude!

This article is the answer to her and the many others who write similarly.

The poor woman who wrote that letter had an intense desire for the information for which she had asked, but I am sure she was ignorant that she would be a criminal if she interfered with nature as she so frantically wanted to do. I believe she was like the multitudes who think that birth control and interference are one and the same thing.

*Dr. Marie Stopes*

### *Ignorant muddle-headedness*

But they are not the same thing! Birth control is the *control* of conception and is perfectly harmless and perfectly legal. It is not only wholesome, but advantageous to the mother and her children; interference at a later stage, on the other hand, is harmful and illegal, and may be most injurious, not only to the mother herself, but to her later children.

How is it then that a general muddle-headedness about it exists? Chiefly because of the immense ignorance on this as on many other aspects of our social life.

It appears that the "ruling classes," which in these miserable days include an army of low-grade bureaucrats, are under the impression that all is well with British motherhood so long as women are kept ignorant of vital matters about which they demand knowledge.

Quite recently I was present at an important joint meeting of the Medico-Legal Society and the Royal Society of Medicine when the subject for discussion was "Abortion: its Legal and Social Aspects." A judge was in the chair, and most of the speakers were medical practitioners.

### *Staggering statement*

One of the medical men who spoke was shocked, and asked his audience to be shocked, that in the course of his practice, *three* of his patients had openly asked him to procure an abortion, *unaware that there was anything wrong in it.*

Then I told the horrified assembly that I had had *more than ten thousand* persons applying to me for illegal interference, most of them quite obviously unaware there was anything wrong in what they asked.

This contrast in experience shows how much the Harley Street man and the official have yet to learn of the appalling urgency of the need for sound sex knowledge among the poor.

I am sure that the majority of women in such desperate straits as, even in ignorance, to contemplate a criminal act would never have got into that state had they used sound knowledge of contraception to protect themselves from undesired motherhood.

### *Fighting fate*

No woman in her senses would allow herself to become pregnant and then seek to prevent the natural outcome if she could control the dates and seasons of child-bearing to suit her health and her husband's purse.

But in fear, accidentally, unwillingly, they become pregnant—the tragic procession of mothers against whom fate seems to fight. Then, after a few months, they feel they "*cannot* go through with it," and they "try anything."

They get the address of some profiteering fraud who sells pills guaranteed to "put them right," and try the cheaper ones first; then the "silver coated" at a higher price; others the "gold coated" at fantastic overcharges; and while the pills themselves are all the same and probably harmless, the poor women are rendered more and more desperate from the loss of money they need for food and clothing and the terror of the ever-growing burden.

They then try various poisonous decoctions they may learn how to make, or some violent means which may injure or kill them.

Poor pathetic, agonising fools! The victims of cruelty and stupidity. They seldom tell their doctors what they are doing. It is all hidden in the slimy channels of the gutter and the sewers inhabited by the human rats who specialise in illegal operations.

Unscrupulous firms get hold of the names of likely people by professing to give birth-control information, and run a thriving trade in highly-priced drugs. Thus, ignorance is creating criminals.

Another person concerned is the Minister of Health. At the present moment he is an important factor in creating this class of criminal by his obstructive refusal to carry out the wishes so clearly expressed in the House of Lords, that the only wholesome alternative should be available, birth control.

### *Grave responsibility*

The Lords passed a motion in favour of releasing birth-control information to the poor at all maternity and infant welfare centres. The Minister of Health has taken on a personal responsibility in thus maintaining women in an ignorance which creates criminals.

It is not only the woman herself who is involved. Although it is almost impossible to collect "statistics," still the general facts which come to hand are more and more convincing me that an attempt to interfere with childbirth which does not succeed has a profoundly harmful effect on the unborn child, not only physically, but also on its character.

One case known to me illustrates what I mean. A poor mother—poor in her mental anguish, although very well off and living in high social circles—did not feel able physically to bear the burden of a fourth child, and, as her doctor would not help her, she tried on three occasions while carrying the child to get rid of it.

### *Creating criminals*

Yet the child was born alive. She was beautiful and apparently healthy, but as the girl grew up, she differed from the other members of the family in being utterly immoral, unscrupulous and dishonest. With a royal lady for her godmother, and after the best upbringing, the awful warp in her nature was ineradicable.

She was a criminal, created (so it is my belief and her parents' belief) by the criminal attempts of her own mother to thrust her from life while she was coming.

Is it not a frightful thing that such ignorance, such pathetic, tragic perversions of motherhood should exist in modern days when knowledge only waits release from the hindrances of reactionaries?

Those suffering from the blindness of stupidity who block the free dissemination of sound information on sex and its responsibilities are creating criminals.

Before posterity I arraign the present Minister of Health side by side with some others in high places as the arch-creators of criminals to-day.

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*by* **PHILIP INMAN**

*THE greatest human possession is real unselfishness. Thought for others at any time is, indeed, a valuable asset. When, however, it is shown during the greatest physical trial, it is more than human; it is divine.*

# THE MIDNIGHT BOND

EVERYTHING was still and silent in the men's ward of a London hospital. A neighbouring clock chimed the hour of midnight. The day, with its anxieties and uncertainties had begun, but the twenty odd men who occupied those white-covered beds seemed quite oblivious to their surroundings. They were enjoying that rest which is part of their cure, or so it seemed.

Suddenly a voice broke the silence. "I give you my word," it said. "And I give you mine," asserted the man in the next bed.

The nurse who was sitting at the end of the ward descended upon the offenders. "You ought to be asleep," she said, feigning an indignation she did not feel, "or you'll never be fit for to-morrow."

But sleep a few hours before a critical operation is to most patients an elusive phantom. So it was to these two men, and they told the nurse so. "Besides, we have something important to talk about," said No. 5, and he added feelingly, "We might not get another chance."

At breakfast time the next morning, a message came to ask if I would go to the Curzon Ward. The nurse came along the corridor to meet me. "It's No. 5 and No. 6," she said. "They have been awake nearly all night, talking most of the time, and now they have asked to see you about something important."

### *Binding agreement*

They had been patients for only two or three days, and both of them had been badly smashed in a motor accident in Piccadilly. There was some relationship between the two, but what it was I had not discovered.

"No. 5" was a man approaching middle age, and one of his legs had been crushed so badly that it was decided to amputate it. His neighbour was a young fellow of not more than twenty-five, and he was suffering from severe internal injuries.

Both of them were due to be operated upon that day, and as I sat on the locker which separated the two beds "No. 5" reminded me of the fact.

"Shall I tell him, or will you?" he said to his neighbour. "No. 6" motioned to the elder man to proceed, and he went on:

"We are cousins, by marriage really. I've got a wife and three children, he's only got a mother. We know what we are in for to-day, and last night we agreed that if one of us should go under the other would do his best to help those we leave behind."

### *The one taken*

Then he continued, "We both felt we would like to have a witness, not because we don't trust each other," he assured me, "but—well, we have our reasons."

I looked at the young fellow lying there in pain, and then from him to the one who had acted as spokesman. "Would you like this agreement between you to be written down so that you can sign it?" I enquired.

The young fellow shook his head. "No, no," he murmured, whilst a look of pain came into the eyes of "No. 5." "We're Englishmen, you know," he said very quietly. "Our word is our bond."

An hour later operation day had started in the Curzon Ward. The stretcher was taken in and "No. 6" was tenderly lifted upon it. His neighbour watched every movement with ominous eyes, for in a short time he, too, would share the same fate.

"Good luck, Fred," he called out cheerily. "Thanks, old man," came the weak response, "and good luck to you too."

The clock in the ward pointed to four, and "No. 5" was slowly coming round from the effects of the anæsthetic. His mind was still in the shadows, and he started to talk, but it was difficult to hear what he was saying. Then he opened his eyes.

"Where am I?" he said, but before he could be answered remembrance came back to him and he knew. Then he turned slowly in the direction of his neighbour. "How is Fred?" he whispered, but there were screens round the bed of "No. 6."

*Philip Inman*

Almost from the first it was known that this young fellow's case was hopeless, and even had he survived the operation he would have been a permanent cripple. But that was not to be his fate.

* * *

There is a new patient to-day in No. 5 Curzon Ward, for its former occupant has now been discharged from the hospital. Just before he left he spoke to me about his cousin.

"What was the reason you wanted a witness to know of the compact between you?" I asked. A half-afraid look came into his eyes. "Well, you see," he started, "we both might have gone under, and in that case we would have liked our loved ones to know that we had thought about them."

"And how does the agreement stand now?" I continued. There was a fine ring in his voice as he replied, "My word is my bond."

*The Sentence of the Court*

# A SENSITIVE SOCIALIST

## The Weakness of Wheatley

IN answer to the dual charges of political hypocrisy and unsportsmanlike conduct, the Rt. Hon. John Wheatley, M.P., entered a plea of "Not guilty."

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., in opening the case, "is remarkable for his sensitiveness if not for his sense. He is a well-known public man who has discovered that it pays to advertise, but not to criticise.

"The charge of hypocrisy may be made on two counts. Mr. Wheatley, although an avowed opponent of capitalism, is himself a capitalist. And although he is famous for his attacks on the liquor trade, he has accepted financial support from a member of the very trade he so warmly condemns in all his public utterances.

"The charge of unsportsmanlike conduct arises from a challenge that Mr. Wheatley flung out to those who dared to criticise his inconsistencies. When the challenge was taken up, Mr. Wheatley at once sought the shelter of the law.

"When Mr. Wheatley criticises other people, he looks upon it as fair comment. When they criticise him he calls it libel.

"He is willing to broadcast, but not to listen-in.

"Such conduct is un-British, and I hope you will mete out to Mr. Weakly—I should say, Mr. Wheatley—the punishment he deserves."

* * *

For the defence, Mr. Strawsplitter admitted that his client had said many hard things about capitalists and publicans. But what did it matter? Everyone knew how rhinoceros-hided such people were, and criticism of them was like water on a duck's back, it cut no ice whatever.

Mr. Wheatley, on the other hand (continued counsel), was as sensitive as a photographic film. It was all very well to say, "Hard words break no bones." His client was a portly man, and the attacks had cut very deeply into his tender skin.

* * *

"People who live in glass houses should not throw stones," said Mr. Justice Bull. "And people who inhabit thin skins should think twice before they criticise others.

"The prisoner put no check on his own tongue when attacking people who did not meet with his approval, and it was unsportsmanlike on his part to try to gag his critics.

"The prisoner has stated publicly that he is in favour of revolution, but the criticisms levelled against him seem to have given him a bad turn. Nothing, however, excuses the roundabout fashion in which he has answered his critics.

"He has attacked the liquor trade so often that he has no reason to grumble if his opponents give him a bitter draught to drink. Counsel's cock-and-bull tale about the prisoner's sensitiveness is a cocktail hard to swallow.

"A thick-headed politician is no rarity, but I fancy that the prisoner is the first authentic case of a thin-skinned politician that has been brought to my notice.

"He must undergo a toughening process. I direct that for six months he shall be compelled to give his sensitive skin a course of hard training. For that period he shall shave with an old-pattern Army razor.

"Although, in the process, he may lose his school-girl complexion, it will be a fitting punishment for his 'cheek.'"

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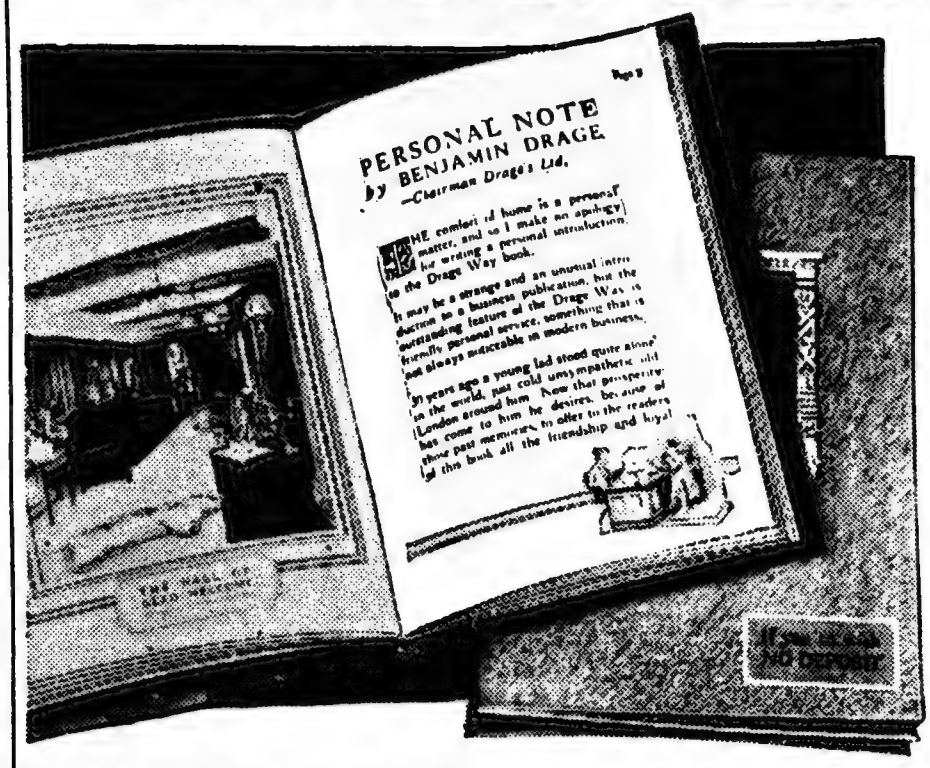


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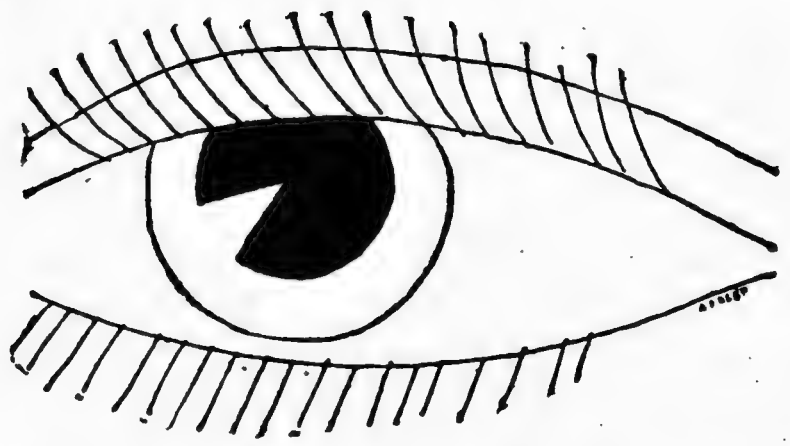

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## This family earned £7·2·8 in one week!

They are *Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, of 115, Evelyn Street, Deptford*, and the record is in our books of £7 2s. 8d. paid to them for one week's work with THE IMPERIA KNITTER. Isn't it splendid? And YOU can do just as well. We show you how to work the Imperia Knitter, and at once you can begin to earn. Further, WE GUARANTEE TO BUY ALL YOU MAKE and pay the best rates or you can sell to private customers and soon work up a sound little home business with a sure income for life. Even in spare time it is easy to make a pound or more a week.

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Call at our showrooms and see the Imperia Knitter in action. It is the latest perfection of Knitting Machines, imitated but never equalled. If you can't call—write for BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED FREE BOOK. Read it, study it. It opens up a sure way to a regular income for men or women.

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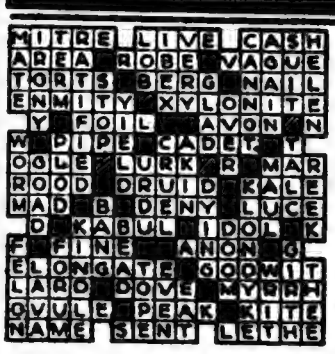

*Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.*

*This week's puzzle is on page 2.*

*Words Winged to Women*

# THE CUT-THROAT'S ABC

*by* **MABEL HORNER**

**WHEN someone taunted one of the early saints with his insignificance, he replied, "I am not without influence, for I am on the side of God and God and myself make a majority able to combat and to overcome evil"**

BROADLY speaking, education is of two kinds. One of these two forms of education is that provided by the State. It deals with facts and figures, with history, and with that side of literature, physical development, and general hygiene and conduct best calculated to fit a child for taking his place in the world to-day.

Occasionally we hear State education spoken of as though it was something imposed upon the mass of the people from above. True, it is compulsory. True, also, that a certain proportion of taxation is provided against the cost of it.

But State education is compulsory only in the sense that the majority of the people have decided it to be in their own interests for every child to have at least the rudiments of general knowledge and learn to regard himself as a unit of a social order with laws to be observed.

***An upward trend***

The details of what shall be taught in State-supported schools is from time to time a matter of acute controversy. Feeling in this matter often runs high.

If it ran high enough, causing acute cleavage of opinion, it might lead to a General Election, which, again, serves to prove that decision is in the hands of the people who provide the funds which the Treasury contributes to education.

All this makes it the more satisfactory that, whatever particular brand of Ministry reigns at Whitehall, our schools continue steadily to improve. Their upward trend is clearly marked in each succeeding yearly report published by the Board of Education.

One has just come out for the last school year. It is a document running to 160 pages, which may partly account for the fact that sadly too few women ever wade through it. From it we learn what all women ought to know, that the general physical condition of our children, both in town and country, is on the upgrade.

Of all the children medically examined during the year, a number less than one-half of the total, one-third only required treatment. We are doing more for our children, and doing it better. We teach them in smaller classes, we are moving towards better buildings, and we are thinking of raising the leaving age, important points when we remember there are 5,168,702 children on the registers of elementary schools.

*Sir Arthur Yapp, K.B.E., National Secretary of the Y.M.C.A.*

The second kind of education these young people must have is that absorbed unconsciously from home influences, environment, and their contacts with other people.

To many thinkers, among whom Sir Arthur Yapp and his co-workers in the Y.M.C.A., this is the most important part of all. We are still engaged in the colossal task of readjusting Europe after the greatest and most awful war in history, and the younger people, lads just fresh from school, must, in one direction or another, do their share.

The school-children, in groups of hundreds, were recently invited to witness at Hendon the great display of aerial force. It was thought educational to teach those youngsters how still another war, if any, will be fought.

The Y.M.C.A. thought out a better way. It brought together lads from twenty different countries, took them into camp at Windsor Forest, and by living contact with one another taught those budding citizens how little there was of antagonism and difference between them after all

***A holy flame***

Why, in the name of common-sense and humanity, if there are diplomatic difficulties between their countries in the future, should those young men turn their friendship into hate and fight?

"Because," said one of them with a pessimism that must have put his Government, whichever one it was, to shame, "we are only units, caught in the grip of a war machine that is relentless."

A thousand times no. The motherhood, the whole womanhood of the world, must rally to the side of these friendship-making youths. I say bluntly the State has received no mandate from the people to teach its children that war is inevitable.

The way of the Y.M.C.A., the lesson that world-friendship is possible, is the true way. A unit may be helpless, but many units, banded together the world over, can make even the war-machine fade away.

For peace or war, when all is said and done, is in the hands of plain men and women. The youth of twenty nations have lit their torch, a holy flame that will save the world unless the wrong sort of education puts it out.

# Toll of the Storm

## The Trail of Desolation

IN the past week the newspapers have been full of the great storm which, coming from the Atlantic, broke loose upon this country with terrible violence. Up through Devon and Bristol it passed and then extended practically all over Somerset and Wiltshire.

Blinding sheets of rain and hail, coupled with deadly flashes of forked lightning, wrought their terrible havoc, while the heavens reverberated from end to end with deafening peals of thunder.

Unchecked, and undiminished in fury, the great storm tore on, turned after visiting London with its train of terror and then raced northward through the centre of the country, finally breaking up just south of Glasgow.

***Tragic toll***

Something of the tragic toll of suffering and damage to property has already been told in the Press, while many grim pictures of lands laid waste, of wrecked houses and stricken live stock have been published.

These, however, can convey only a small part of the agony and loss occasioned by the demoniacal fury of the elements. The full significance of this widespread tragedy is brought home more forcibly in the great stream of appeals for succour which has poured into our office ever since the fatal day which brought tragedy into so many homes.

We hear of entire villages awash; of canals and rivers overflowing their banks; of bursting sewers; of angry torrents, flowing down hillsides with gathering force, carrying before them every kind of indescribable filth and rushing upon houses in the vales.

We hear of furniture and home treasures swept relentlessly away on the crest of the waters; of families marooned in upper floors; of invalids having to vacate their beds in peril of their lives, and countless other poignant stories of loss and suffering.

Apart from the havoc wrought by lightning and flood, thunder played no small part in the general *debacle*. Several terrible crashes in various parts of the country caused roofs and ceilings to collapse.

Certain it is that such devastation is unknown in living memory; but for registered readers of JOHN BULL, at least, there is a gleam of sunshine between the lowering clouds of desolation.

***Practical help***

Where other newspapers can only print pathetic descriptions of the storm havoc, or publish grim photographic testimony to the power of the elements, JOHN BULL is able to match its strength in some measure against the overwhelming forces by helping in a practical way to relieve the distress and repair the damage.

JOHN BULL, as its readers well know, is the only paper in the kingdom which offers its registered supporters full protection against loss or damage resulting from storm, tempest or flood; and at this very moment our staff of representatives is hard at work in all parts of the stricken areas dealing with the innumerable applications we have received.

In Oldham, Middleton, Oldbury, Birmingham, Smethwick, Bristol, London, and countless other quarters, our men are toiling so that applications may be speedily dealt with and peace and happiness restored amongst those families who had the foresight to register with JOHN BULL.

## *HOLIDAYS!*

### *Important Notice to Registered Readers*

To remain qualified for the benefits offered under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return.

*Want to taste something good?*

—then please have some of this

AND HAVE IT FREE

Send a postcard bearing your name and address to Desk 114, Quaker Oats Ltd., 11, Finsbury Square, E.C.2, and we will send you a sample packet of Puffed Rice FREE.

Puffed Rice is whole rice exploded by a wonderful process to eight times natural size. It tastes like toasted nuts. It gives energy. Is easy to digest. Everyone enjoys it. It needs no cooking.

There are dozens of ways of serving Puffed Rice—afloat in a bowl of milk: with cream: with custard: or fruit, fresh or tinned, etc.

Write that postcard now and so give the family a real treat.

**Puffed Rice**

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per packet

"The food shot from guns."

*Sold by all good grocers.*

*Try also Puffed Wheat*

Made and guaranteed by Quaker Oats Ltd. London.

*Company Meeting.*

**BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, LIMITED.**

An Extraordinary General Meeting of the Company was held on the 11th July, for the purpose of making certain alterations in the Memorandum and Articles of Association. In the absence of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bart., the Chairman, Mr. Samuel Jordan Gillchrest, one of the Deputy-Chairmen of the Company, presided. The Chairman stated that the reason for calling the Meeting was the Directors had been advised by Counsel that it was advisable to enlarge the scope of the Memorandum.

Amongst the reasons that he gave was that, at the time that the Company was incorporated its activities were practically confined to manufacturing and exporting tobacco goods, whereas now, in all the important countries in which the Company trades, the business was carried on by a Company incorporated in the country concerned, with the result that the bulk of the Company's profits to-day arose from the receipt of dividends and not from direct trading. The Chairman went on to say that in 1902 all supplies were purchased from outside manufacturers, whereas to-day the Company itself was interested in many Companies which were manufacturing supplies, such as wrapping material, foil, paper, etc. With regard to the new sub-paragraph B. 2 which read:—"to permit the Company to be registered or recognised in any foreign country or place," this alteration was merely to enable the Company to carry out local requirements before the Company can trade in any foreign country, and had not been inserted with any idea of moving the Company's Head Office abroad.

The Resolutions were passed unanimously, and the Company would petition the Court as soon as might be for permission to alter the Memorandum.


## LOOKING 30 AT 45.

### Women Who Retain their Youth.

How is it that some women retain their youthful appearance and good spirits until well past middle age, while others at forty-five look every bit their age? The reason is that the woman who looks thirty at forty-five has preserved her youth by keeping her blood in order, rich and red. It is thus that she maintains her vitality.

When your blood gets thin and poor, you soon feel the effect. You get tired and everything seems a burden. You lack vitality because your blood is exhausted.

There is no reason why you should suffer in this way; it is easy to overcome such troubles. You have only to enrich and increase your blood supply by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. You will soon feel the benefit by a brighter outlook on life. The rich, red blood created by these pills will give you new vitality; your appetite will improve; energy and vigour will be yours; your friends will envy you your youthfulness and good spirits.

So lose no more time, but go now to your chemist and ask for a 3s. box of Dr. Williams' pink pills—nothing else will do.

FREE. "Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that every woman should read. Write to C.E. Dept., 30, Fitzroy Square, London, for free copy.

*If you need more exercise*

roll your own cigarettes. With A.G papers you will find it light, pleasant and profitable.

A.G CIGARETTE PAPERS

The BEST the world produces.


***Human Documents***

# Dead Sea Fruit

## Spendthrift Wife—Bitter Revenge—A Selfish Tyrant

*PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.*

"I AM anxious to dissuade a friend of mine from what I fear would be a disastrous step which she is contemplating.

"At forty years of age she is still a spinster. She has not lacked suitors, but none of those who offered themselves came up to the high standard she demanded from any man who aspired to be her husband and the father of her children.

"A womanly, yet very strong-minded, individual, she found an outlet for her energies in a professional career, in which she has been so successful as to make herself independent for the future.

"The trouble is her intense love for children and her ungratified longing for motherhood. With the time fast approaching when the fulfilment of her highest aspirations will, in the course of nature, be denied her, she has become acquainted with a man who she would regard as an ideal partner.

"MARRIAGE with him, however, is out of the question, for though he is separated from his wife there is no possibility of his obtaining his freedom by divorce.

"To my distress, my friend has confided to me her intention to induce this man to satisfy her longing for motherhood.

"Her idea appears to be to settle down away from the district in which she is known after the arrival of the child, describing herself as a widow and devoting herself to her offspring, which she thinks need never be told the circumstances surrounding its birth.

"I have suggested adoption as a means of satisfying her maternal longings, and exhausted every argument I could think of, including the danger to herself, but without avail.

"I should be grateful if you could supply an argument which might turn her from her purpose."

"HUMANIST" says: *I wonder whether she has considered the possibility that a child born to her in such circumstances might, on learning the truth, grow to regard her with loathing instead of with the affection for which she pines. Such motherhood may easily become as Dead Sea fruit, turning to dust and ashes. To my mind the suffering of remaining childless would be easier to bear than the reproaches of a son who cursed his mother for having brought him into the world to gratify her own desires.*

* * *

### A Secret Spendthrift

"A GREAT friend of mine has been married nearly ten years and has three charming children. To see the family when they are all out together, anyone would imagine that he has a most desirable partner in life. People little realise the secret worry that burdens him, making his life a misery.

"The wife is over head and ears in debt. My friend gives her ample money for housekeeping and pays for the children's clothes and all sorts of extras in addition, but he is constantly receiving bills for goods obtained by his wife on credit.

"The worst of it is that the goods obtained in this way are never seen in the house. They are got from travelling salesmen or shopkeepers on credit and immediately pawned. Even my friend's own best clothes have been pawned as well, and it is a mystery what the woman does with the money.

"I think that perhaps a solution of the mystery may be found in the fact that the wife has a brother who is very much the bad boy of the family and has frequently been in prison. It is possible that my friend's wife is secretly supplying him with money, for he never seems to be in lack of funds.

"I am very sorry for my friend, who is a thoroughly good fellow, and I should like to be able to advise him how to overcome this difficulty of debt and secret spending and regain happiness."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your friend is not responsible for his wife's debts incurred without his authority, and he should point out to her that she may get into serious trouble if she continues to pawn goods in the manner described. The root of the trouble appears to be lack of mutual confidence. It would be a thousand pities if their happiness were permanently lost through the wife's misguided method of helping an erring brother. If the husband makes it clear that he is willing to assist him within reason the difficulty may be overcome.*

* * *

"I AM a single woman nearly thirty years of age, one of a large family. In spite of very distressing domestic circumstances, I have kept myself respectable and hold a good position in a titled gentleman's domestic service.

### A Mother's Slanders

"My mother has been anything but a mother to me—in fact, I can truthfully say that I have never known a mother's love.

"Her heavy drinking habits and demands upon my earnings, which almost reduced me to begging for clothes, forced me into exile from home.

"While I was away I got on splendidly. In the meantime, however, my father broke up in health.

"I was very fond of him, so I forgave the wrongs my mother had done me and sent money home to be spent on delicacies which he needed, only ceasing to do so when I found that the money was intercepted by my mother and spent in drink and disgraceful living.

"My mother has taken a bitter revenge, scandalising me to neighbours and telling the most horrible untruths regarding my character.

"In her drunken moods she does not hesitate to make out that I am worse than herself, which, though I hate to say it of my own mother, is about as bad as can be.

"I am afraid my mother's slanders will do me harm both with my employer and the man to whom I am engaged, for the gossip in my village home is really terrible."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is indeed terrible to be slandered by one's own mother, but I think you exaggerate the harm that is likely to be done to your reputation, for no one that matters would pay much attention to what is said by a woman notoriously addicted to drink. It is, however, a very serious offence to impute unchastity, and possibly a solicitor's letter to your mother would have the desired effect.*

* * *

### Wreckage

THERE is still a great deal of wreckage of the storm of war drifting about unheeded. You can do good salvage work by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 34.)

"MY mother, who is a helpless invalid, and my father, who is old and almost blind, live about four miles away from me. I am a married woman with a baby a year old, but as their only surviving daughter I visit them as often as possible to do what I can for them in their trouble and distress.

### Selfish Tyranny

"My husband, since I married him, has turned out to be one of the most selfish of men, and my life with him is little better than slavery.

"I have never neglected my home in any way, or stood gossiping as most of the neighbours do, and by careful management I have kept free from debt, yet not once since we were married has my husband taken me out, or even allowed me to go to the pictures.

"My parents helped him to buy the house in which we live and now he shows his gratitude by forbidding me to visit them.

"Several of his workmates live close to them and he says he will get them to enquire if I have been there, and if he finds out that I have done so he will lock the door on me and I can remain with them for good.

"What should I do?"

"HUMANIST" says: *You are perfectly justified in visiting your stricken parents and trying to comfort them in their distress, and no one but a selfish tyrant would attempt to prevent your doing so. If he locks the door on you, it would amount to desertion on his part and you can ask for a maintenance order against him.*

* * *

### Love Undying

"A few years ago my husband tried to murder me and was ordered to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure. I hear that he is failing in health and I should like to be by his side to cheer him. Can I go to him?"

"Humanist" says: *Write to the governor of the institution in which he is incarcerated. If he is sinking you may be assured that he will not be denied the comfort of a hand-clasp from one who loves him so faithfully.*

### Work for Women

"My daughter and her friend have gone to a hospital as ward-maids, hoping in time to become nurses. They both write complaining bitterly of the hard work they have to do in the hospital, which they liken to slavery. What do you advise?"

"Humanist" says: *The sooner they find some other occupation the better. Nursing is work for women who are prepared to be slaves if necessary for the sake of suffering humanity. It is the noblest of callings; but only those who are ready to bear a cross are fit to wear a crown.*

### Silly Seventeen

"I should like to know whether, being an illegitimate child, I am still under the control of my grandmother who brought me up now that I am a girl of seventeen, as I should like to have my freedom."

"Humanist" says: *To all intents and purposes you are out of anybody's control except with regard to marriage, but sweet seventeen is sometimes very silly in ideas of freedom, and I strongly advise you to care for the grandmother who has cared for you.*

# YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO RISK YOUR HEALTH

## LET MILTON CLEAN YOUR FALSE TEETH THOROUGHLY

No amount of brushing will remove ALL the tiny particles of food; nor can brushing destroy germs. But unless germs of pyorrhoea and other worse complaints are killed, you are taking quite unnecessary risks.

Milton is a powerful antiseptic. It cannot fail to kill every germ. That's why it makes your mouth feel fresh and comfortable, and ensures odourless breath always. After using Milton you will find the teeth glistening white, the gold parts glittering, and that every trace of 'film' or food has been completely dissolved.

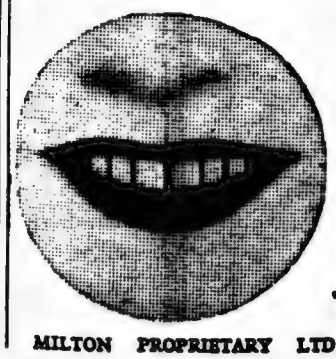
Get a bottle of Milton from the nearest chemist. It costs 1/-, 1/6 or 2/6. Both methods of using it are equally effective.

### IT CLEANS WHILE YOU SLEEP

Just add half-a-teaspoonful of Milton to the glass of cold water in which you leave your plate overnight. In the morning take the plate out of the glass, and rinse it in clean water.

### IT CLEANS WHILE YOU DRESS . . .

On getting up, slip your plate into a glass (or cup) containing equal parts of Milton and warm water—there should be enough liquid to cover the plate. When you are dressed, rinse the plate and wipe it.



Read the folder enclosed with the bottle. It describes the many other ways in which you can use

# MILTON

MILTON PROPRIETARY LTD., JOHN MILTON HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.1.

## Mr. G. F. NEAVE, *writes :—*

"I feel I must write and tell you what Phosferine has done for me. I suffered agonies for three years with Neurasthenia, and the pains at the back of my head were so severe that I dared not move my neck the fraction of an inch. My head had to be lifted off the pillow for me before I could sit up in bed. I had specific opinion, but nothing advised did me any good. A friend of mine told me of Phosferine. I got a large bottle, and long before it was finished I got relief, and that relief was worth a hundred times its cost. I kept on with the Phosferine only and I mended rapidly. My friends could hardly believe their own eyes, as some of them had actually expected to see me buried. I am better now than I have been for twenty years, and can do more work with less fatigue. I have told all the people I know here, and I want to tell others who may be suffering as I have done, so that they too can get relief, take heart and live again."

(3, Brunswick Street, Blackpool. *25th February, 1927.*)

*From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.*

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

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| Influenza | Neuralgia | Lassitude | Nerve shock |
| Debility | Maternity Weakness | Neuritis | Malaria |
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From Chemists. Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size

Aldwych



# Cushion the Hammer Blows

—the "Terry" spring seat snubs out the shocks and vibrations, which cause spinal strain and soreness. For speed or distance the "Terry" gives intense comfort. Why not order one for your motor-cycle or cycle? Cycle models: C.T.C., Lady's and Gent's, 18/6; m/cycle models 45/-, 39/-. Pillion seats, 47/6, 41/6. From agents. In difficulty from us. List free.

*Pat. at Home and Abroad.*

# TERRY

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD., Redditch - England - Est. 1855.

# 2/- NOW and THE BIKE IS YOURS

I OFFER to readers of "John Bull" first-class Coventry - built cycles at POUNDS BELOW last year's prices.

Absolutely GENUINE REDUCTIONS have been made in thousands of brand new, fully guaranteed 1927 Models, any of which I will send on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID, on receipt of small deposit only.

Testimonials from everywhere in Great Britain. Satisfaction or money refunded. MY FREE LISTS will convince you, so write NOW for a copy and CHOOSE YOUR CYCLE FROM THE LARGEST SELECTION IN THE WORLD.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DEP. 9 COVENTRY.

PLAYER'S *MEDIUM* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS.

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10 *for* 6d. 20 *for* 11½d.

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*It's the Tobacco that Counts*

NCC 149

*Our Letter Parliament*

# A Terrible Picture

## Political Dictatorship—A Fine Example—Banned Books

MR. E. ROFFE THOMPSON, in "The House of Terror" (JOHN BULL, July 9), draws a terrible picture of life in the Glasgow slums. Unfortunately such conditions are not confined to Glasgow, but obtain all over the country. The root of the evil is lack of houses at a rental within the means of a working man. Let the Government abolish the tax on incomes derived from working-class property and thus make bricks and mortar a worthwhile investment.—*Slumite, London, N.*

### *Forgotten Mandate*

"The House of Terror" is a terrible indictment of the nation's Christianity. The mandate of the Founder of Christianity is forgotten, the slum landlord's property is sacrosanct and the clergy are callous to the sufferings of humanity. Bolshevism is primarily the creation of the millionaire Press and its advocacy of the inequality of man, but the evolution now taking place in an educated democracy will within the next decade demonstrate "Am I my brother's keeper?" —*T. R. Daly, Surrey.*

### *Cruel Travesty*

We allow millions to perish from poverty and neglect but applaud the saving of life by individual acts of heroism. What a travesty of civilisation! Democracy asks for bread and is given a stone. Can we wonder if class war and discontent are rampant, and that society is endangered through the Government ignoring such a flagrant challenge to its statesmanship?—*W. A. H., Leith.*

### *Chambers of Horror*

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's extracts from the official report on housing conditions in Glasgow slums cannot be read without a shudder of horror and indignation. But is this all we are going to do about it? If the matter were one of foreign atrocities or calamities we should hear of big indignation meetings and subscription lists; but as the sufferers are our own people I fear the answer is we will shudder and—forget.—*H. G., Plaistow.*

### *The Local Zoo*

I live in one of the hovels of which your correspondent writes, and there is a zoo in my house. It consists of fleas, bugs, mice and rats. Is it any wonder that we are bitter and discontented? After all, we are only asking for a decent shelter.—*P. M., Belfast.*

### *Outlay Repaid*

We have seen millions of the taxpayers' money paid away for "doles" without anything to show for it but the poison of subsidised idleness. Clearing up horrible slums, not only in Glasgow, but elsewhere, might have found work for willing hands and would have been outlay twice blessed.—*J. J. A., Birmingham.*

### *A Black Film*

"The House of Terror" should be the title of a film, and the slums should be filmed and shown from every picture house in the British Isles, and then let the owners of the property deny the truth, if they dare. Is it nothing to the citizens of Glasgow that such things exist in their midst? "Bonnie Scotland!" Good heavens! What a travesty!—*H., Lancs.*

### *Hiding the Truth*

The prices charged for reports on subjects of which every citizen should know the full truth—6s. 6d. for a report of the Scottish housing conditions—will no doubt have the desired effect, that of restricting the reading of it to the least possible number of people.—*J. Butler, Hull.*

***Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."***

### *British Homes*

I should like your readers to see some of the houses in the Black Country. The outer walls are broken down, there are cracks in the walls, closets without sanitary convenience, while the rain drips through holes in the roof. Most of them are verminous and the damp coming through the quarries gives anything but a pleasant odour.—*E. S. D., Birmingham.*

### *Dispelled Ideals*

In his article, "Who'll stop this Murder?" Mr. A. Hamilton Gibbs stresses the wonderful power of the individual vote, but what does this amount to? Two or more election addresses will make it clear that millennial conditions must soon be ours however we use this precious vote. Our elected champion may take lofty ideals to Westminster, but they are soon dispelled on finding himself part of a voting-machine. —*J. H. F., Streatham.*

### *Betting Bluff*

Sir Frank Meyer, M.P., in his article "Scrap that Tax!" has made pointed references to the inconsistency of the State as regards the betting-tax. In order to prevent any suggestion of preferential treatment for the rich, the State should give an equal measure of legality to both ready-money betting and credit transactions. Such a concession would be appreciated, and hostility to the tax would be considerably lessened. —*Justus, Lee-on-the-Solent.*

### *Pass the Doctor!*

Before candidates can secure positions on municipal service they have to pass a strict medical examination. For applicants for the most important position in life, marriage, no medical examination is deemed necessary, and individuals are mated, some of whom ought never to have been born. Any self-respecting man or woman should, for their present and future welfare, "pass the doctor" before contemplating matrimony.—*F. B., Smethwick.*

# Printers' Pie

***(Half-a-Crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")***

"EVENING TIMES AND ECHO" (Advt.): "Wanted Daily Help. SATURDAY AFTERNOONS ONLY."

"DAILY NEWS" (Advt.): "Vacuum Flasks of good reliable quality Special Price, 7s. 11d. Also BETTER QUALITY thermos flasks, 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d."

"MONMOUTHSHIRE BEACON": "Farm labourers . . . . could not give of their best WHILE SOLD FOR 2S. A DOZEN AT NEWPORT."

"KENTISH EXPRESS": "Genuine Antique Oak Linen Chest and Modern Oak Sideboard; PRACTICALLY NEW."

"THE UNIVERSE": "The Guild members held their annual MONTHLY RETREAT on Saturday, more than sixty attending."

"EVENING NEWS": "Now that Portsmouth has become the gayest town of FRANCE . . . . we Englishmen have found it necessary to polish up our schoolboy French again."

### *Now and Then*

Last year Mr. Baldwin vigorously affirmed that the power of the elected representatives of the people was not to be usurped by any other body, in that case the Trade Union Congress. Yet this is precisely what the suggested reform of the House of Lords would do. It is a flagrant attempt to secure everlasting political privilege, almost dictatorship, for a body in no sense representative, and Mr. Baldwin must understand that such legislation will not be tolerated by a free, if long-suffering, people.—*E. G. B., Liverpool.*

### *Example to Follow*

The last Naval Conference—that at Washington six years ago—reduced our naval expenditure by £30,000,000. Let us hope that the present discussions at Geneva have equally beneficial results. If the participating parties were only to agree to limit the cost as well as the size of warships the tax-paying community would be far better off.—*A. L. M., Deptford Park.*

### *Peace Cement*

Recently the citizens of Hull witnessed a truly unforgettable sight, "The League of Nations Pageant." All the nations in Europe and the British Empire were represented and the foremost of them all was John Bull and Britannia. The object was to improve peace and trade between Britain's third port and Europe. If this can be done in one town it can also be done in others.—*E. H., Brough.*

### *Class and Classes*

We are often told of the many types of rich—the idle rich, the industrious rich, the profiteer rich and the titled rich—yet the poor are treated as a class without distinction. But the poor are just as varied, the thrifty living next door to the spendthrift, and the industrious in the same street with the indolent. We must learn to discriminate and remember that there are deserving and undeserving in every walk of life.—*J. C. M., Wandsworth.*

### *The Wrong Job*

Why should probationer nurses work about six hours a day scrubbing, cleaning paint, polishing furniture, etc.? Naturally they become too tired to study; bed is the most essential thing if the next day's labour is to be performed. Before the three months' trial is up many girls find their strength and zeal too exhausted to continue. Ward maids should do the scrubbing and leave the nurses free to cope with attendance on the sick.—*F. Ismay, Lewisham.*

### *What About It?*

I have recently called at four of the largest public libraries in South Wales, and at none of them could I obtain either pamphlets or books concerning the League of Nations. It is all very well for the authorities to say that the success of the League depends upon the public co-operation, but what is the use if they do not put information within their grasp?—*Leaguer, Penygraig.*

### *Liberty?*

It is remarkable how many slum dwellers there are who have no desire to leave their vile surroundings. Recently a public enquiry in the East End of London revealed the fact that many people ridiculed the idea that their houses were insanitary, though they had been condemned as such, and preferred liberty in their poor surroundings to the new houses they were offered under London County Council conditions.—*R., Sunderland.*


**STRONGER NERVES**

*for Men & Women.*

**FREE**
To JOHN BULL Readers

TO-DAY JOHN BULL readers have an opportunity of great value to all interested in strengthening their nerves. The opportunity is that of a Free 7 Days' Personal Test of a small addition to the daily food that acts as "A Heaven of New Life and Strength for the Nerves."

Ordinary foods and feeding are failing brain and nerve workers to-day. But the little tablet of "Muller Nerve Nutrient" taken with each meal works wonders. It enriches every meal with the rarer food elements the shortage of which causes (see among other—

**Symptoms of Nerve Weakness**

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—*Over-Sensitiveness* about oneself and one's affairs.
—*Mind-Wandering*, indecision—futile thoughts and fickle fancies.
—*Brain-Weariness*, lack of ability to concentrate or decide and execute duties—procrastination.
—*Sleeplessness*, or unrestful sleep.
—*Nervous Dyspepsia*, fickle appetite and food fancies.
—*Lack of Vital Energy*, dull hearted feelings.
—*Haunting Fears and Tendencies* that hold one back from attempting and achieving more in life.
—*Hopelessness, or Melancholia*, causing self-questioning as to value of life.

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There are TWO ways of Strengthening the Nerves:—
1. Complete rest and change and freedom from worry for from 4 to 6 months, or
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Readers are most welcome to try the *second* of the above "two ways" for a week free of cost. Simply

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**FOUR CIGARETTES SENT FREE.**

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**FREE** Should you like to try a sample of the Remedy, a package containing four cigarettes will be sent to you quite free, if you will send your request to—

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# LIVERPOOL CUP CENTENARY

## Seradella May Atone—A Long-Shot for the Goodwood Gamble—Week-end Winners—A Triumph for Cottrill—Why Call Boy is Wanted by U.S.A.

I SHALL not have another opportunity of referring to the Stewards' Cup as this splendid gambling race is decided next Tuesday.

THE handicapper has "very kindly" placed four of the five horses which I mentioned in my last notes at the top, and I am afraid, with the exception of Nice Prospect at 8 st. 6 lb., that they are overburdened.

CRAGFORD, 7 st. 12 lb., also has a few more pounds than I expected, and if the winner springs from the light-weights I shall not be surprised if Sapor comes up at a nice price.

THIS descendant of the flying Tetrarch has won over six and seven furlongs, and he is literally pitchforked into the sprint with 7 st. 2 lb. His last race was in the Wokingham, and in view of the fact that he returned suffering from shin soreness he ran remarkably well.

I SHALL leave the race to the code for my final selection, but for those who wish to take prices I suggest Nice Prospect and Sapor. The Wokingham winner, Nothing Venture, meets Sapor on ten pounds worse terms.

TO commemorate the centenary year of the Liverpool Cup, in addition to the prize, the owner of the winner will receive a cup value 200 sovereigns, the trainer of the winner a cup worth 50 sovereigns, and the winning jockey a cup of 25 nimble quidlets.

*F. Darling, trainer of Seradella*

LORD DERBY'S Schiavoni obliged us at the nice price of 7 to 1 in the Spring Cup, but I do not think the famous black and white colours will carry off the prize with Lord Presto or Composure. I am inclined to give Seradella a chance to atone for her Newbury Cup failure.

ST. MARY'S KIRK, engaged in the Abbeystead Stakes at the Liverpool meeting—should be given one more chance. This colt ran splendidly last time out, when runner up to Lulworth Cove in the Bibury Cup. He is a glutton for distance. Dalmagarry should win the Molyneux Cup and Irenia the Croxteth Stakes.

WE shall have to find our week-end winners at Hurst Park. I hope they are as successful as the Lingfield tips—Rhyolite and Le Gros. Blackness, in the Lambton Plate, is number one. Taylor's three-year-old was backed like a certainty at Bibury and would have won but for misfortune. Mr. Misa, who was riding, was dislodged, owing to the saddle slipping.

ON Saturday I think English Fare may pay for the joint. I noticed Butcher's five-year-old particularly in the race won by Le Gros at Lingfield. At six furlongs he looked as though he was coming home alone. Monetize is my each-way long-shot for the Kingston Plate.

ON numerous occasions I have seen the pencillers shut up like oysters when there has been money for Wootton's horses, but this season the Epsom stable has not carried all before it. However, there is plenty of time. I fancy White Orb will be doing the stable a good turn before long. The four-year-old has speed and stamina and is very fit at the moment.

THE Newmarket meeting revealed several horses which will be scoring probably next time out. Sister Mary—second to Orris f.—finished very fast. Ortema—runner up to Berenice—showed that there was good reason for making her favourite on her first appearance this year. Another to be followed is Television, who would have won his race if he had not swerved.

THE wonderful improvement of Sun Yat-Sen is a triumph for H. L. Cottrill, the trainer. As the son of Santoi obtained no relief from tubing last season, Cottrill had the tube taken out and allowed the opening to heal. Later he had the horse re-tubed and it appears to have worked the oracle. Sun Yat-Sen cake-walked home in the Beaufort Stakes with a 10 lb. penalty on his back for his win at Bibury.

MR. J. E. WIDENER, who is in France at present, tells my French Correspondent that his plans for an encounter between his champion Chance Shot and the best English and French horses have been misunderstood if not misrepresented in some quarters. He is not proposing a match, but a race in which the champions of the world could take part.

THE Westchester Racing Association would put down £20,000, to which he would add a similar sum by way of backing his own horse, and the other entrants could put down any sum agreed on. He thinks the race should be worth £60,000 at least to the winner, and in addition would use his influence to arrange other races for horses sent across.

ALL the talk about American offers for Call Boy is based on the fact that a group of Americans who think they could boost the horse by entering him for this event are eager to get him, and will undoubtedly force the price up when the horse comes into the market if they cannot arrange the acquisition by private treaty. Their idea is that even if the horse did not win he would be such a draw that the kinema rights alone would show a profit, and then there would be the stud "pickings" later.

WE certainly live in progressive times. My Northern Correspondent tells me that at the recent Hamilton Park meeting he spotted the "paddock for children." Parents leave their offsprings in the care of a responsible party while they enjoy the racing.

"SILVER RING."

---

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

*Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.*

P E G L O C R S 2 Q J N H U

X T V W B K 3 Z M I D F A Y

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. ZQWGT3ZETIJ would read SILVERSTEAD.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, July 20, to Tuesday, July 26.

# *Hot Dogs to Follow*

THERE is a foolish idea prevalent that notice should only be taken of those dogs who have occasionally won, or have been placed on several occasions.

THERE is, of course, a fascination in backing such favourites as Charlie Cranston, Great Chum and Birchington, but, naturally, no extravagant odds are obtainable about these.

TO those who wish to take their sport seriously we strongly advise them to select runners, apparently inferior to the cracks, that are sired by, say, Woon, Jamie and Latto, and having backed them for a small stake gradually to increase until they win, which, incidentally, they will.

AT the moment, however, there are one or two yet to make a name that must not be disregarded. Chop Again (Mr. A. Clegg), Corinthian (Mr. J. S. Bleakley), and Camp Boy (Mr. R. Yates) from the Sheffield district, are gaining in experience, and will soon win a "classic" race.

Every true Sportsman reads the
"SPORTING LIFE"
For All Sport. 2d. Daily.

ANOTHER matter of importance is the form of Charlie Cranston, possibly one of the most popular dogs in the country. He has been less prominent then usual for several weeks, but he is really such a wonderful animal that consistently to neglect him would be foolish.

TWO of these well-bred sons of Latto, Wailing Wind (Major F. H. Lacey) and Welcome June (Mr. Fred Kitchen), will win an important race before long in no matter what class they are included.

SO will several sired by Jamie. Birchington (Mr. E. Baxter), one of his sons, has already made history, both at the White City and Manchester, but he has blood rivals who may emulate his success.

OF these we would select Earl James (Mr. G. Reeves), Ace of Clubs (Dr. H. J. Henderson) and Beauty's Eclipse (Mrs. Ffrench), and Ace of Clubs should certainly be supported on every occasion.

THE Guards Brigade strain has already distinguished itself, and in this connection we select Gold Charm (Mr. A. E. Proctor) as a possible winner of the near future.

AND the fact that Miss Pauline Frederick's Bobby Dazzler ran brilliantly in a recent trial, and both First Flight (Mrs. C. Clements) and The Skelper (Miss Louis Watson) are improving rapidly on the track, must not be overlooked.

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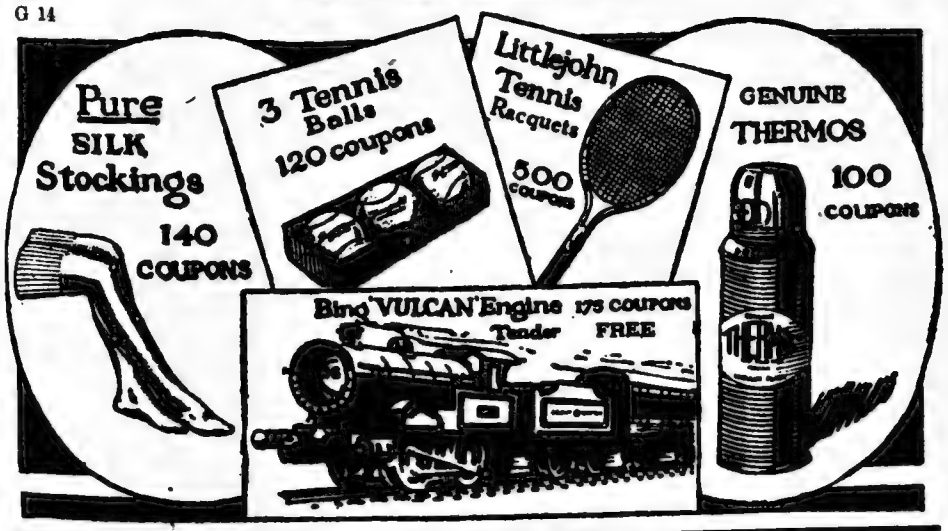


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# JOHN BULL Replies

*THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.*

* * *

L. B. (Surbiton).—"What is the test of a good husband?" His income.

A. K. S. (Swindon).—"She's as charming as she can be." All girls are.

B. N. (Leicester).—"My boss blew me up." Then you got a rise.

L. R. (Hyde).—"I had a pain in my head that I have never had before." Perhaps a thought struck you.

E. B. (Oldham).—"I can't write any more now as I'm in a tearing hurry." Do you work at a laundry?

J. T. (Green Lanes).—"What could I say when he told me I was the black sheep of the family?" Baa!

G. M. (Broughton).—"I'll drain life's pleasures to the dregs." Life's a battle—not a bottle.

MRS. T. (Bromley).—"I didn't have much on at the last race meeting." Did you catch cold?

R. K. (Kelso).—"Where do the old London taxis go?" On the London streets

D. M. (London, W.).—"When he arrived at the concert my item was over." Some people have all the luck.

M. B. (Margate.)—"I was nervous when I proposed to her." And we expect she was until you did.

L. R. B. (London, S.).—"You must admit that my idea is ridiculously simple." It's simply ridiculous.

A. M. (Iver).—"Paper collars are not worn now." There are paper ties, however. Another name for them is marriage lines.

L. R. (Salisbury).—"As soon as the maid got better she announced she was leaving." She got well enough to sit up and give notice.

F. R. (Coniston).—"Although I spoke to the Frenchman in French he couldn't understand what I was saying." Perhaps he only knew French.

N. R. (Molesey).—"Now I've got to the end of my letter I realise it is rather a foolish one." We saw that at the beginning.

G. D. (Windermere).—"My boss sent me for a muzzle for a savage dog and wanted me to put it on myself." Well, he knows you better than we do.

M. C. J. (Liverpool).—"He carries on a photographer's business upstairs, and runs a small restaurant on the ground floor." Does he serve the meals *a la carte*?

B. T. (Woolwich).—"I enclose a song I've written and composed. How could I get it published?" It would stand a better chance with new words and another tune.

A. W. (Dundee).—"I paid a pound to have a tooth taken out." That must have been a painful extraction.

D. N. G. (Prestwich).—"What makes some trees lean?" Probably there's not enough nourishment in the ground.

B. N. I. (Hartlepool).—"What would you call a man who rushes blindly across the street?" The deceased.

B. L. D (Watford).—"Starched collars are a nuisance and should be done away with." So our laundry appears to think.

OLD MAID (Bayswater).—"Where shall I find a husband?" Next door, if your neighbour's married

O. L. (Derby).—"I work for all I'm worth." How much do you get a week—ten bob?

S. H. (Chester).—"Pretty women always marry fools." Your wife must be a real beauty.

H. A. W. (Luton).—"You should know all about the girl you marry." If you did you wouldn't.

H. T. (Dudley).—"The powder went off with a bang." We have seen it go on with a puff.

S. W. (Cardiff).—"I grow impatient with my garden." More profitable to grow vegetables in it.

BERTA (Newcastle).—"I know he'll never have the face to try and kiss me." Perhaps you haven't the cheek to tempt him.

H. H. (Carluke).—"I intend to climb the ladder." Going in for window cleaning?

W. P. (Barking).—"I have ample confidence." We have heard it called conceit.

PHYLLIS (Westminster).—"I will marry a cautious man." A cautious man won't give you the chance.

MARY (Brighton).—"He has seen my father." And yet he loves you just the same?

MRS. S. (Glasgow).—"Even little children may be taught to like economy." We know several small boys who simply love to save soap on necks and ears.

S. Y. (York).—"Do you know the finest thing I ever saw in print?" No, though we guess she was a dainty young miss.

MISS J. (County Antrim).—"I often wonder what the latest scandal is since I went away." Perhaps there hasn't been any scandal since you went away.

J. T. (Lewisham).—"How can I get my husband to buy me a new hat?" If you don't at first succeed, cry, cry, cry again.

G. R. (Colwyn Bay).—"I've chosen the nicest little girl in the world for my mate." And we'll bet, even now, she intends to be skipper.

MRS. T (Birmingham).—"Many young people to-day simply long to have babies of their own." Especially baby Austins and baby Grands.

A. S. (Portsmouth).—"Have you ever had anything to declare when you passed through the Customs?" Only that we hated them.

SUSIE (York).—"I want to become a really finished player." Your neighbours assure us you soon will be unless you stop.

G. L. (Hythe).—"Boxers don't eat much." They live on occasional scraps.

J. A. (Highbury).—"Everybody looks up to me." Are you a steeplejack?

F. R. (Sandgate).—"A heavy swell capsized our boat." Who invited the heavy swell on board?

F. N. (Hatfield).—"I've written a sonnet addressed to Mussolini." Then why send it to us?

P. H. (Chatham).—"He stuck to the post for a day." Had it been freshly painted?

A. M. (Falmouth).—"He proposed to me on his knees." That's what you got on his knees for, we suppose.

P. T. (Brixton).—"A sudden thought struck me all of a heap." You're evidently not used to thoughts.

T. C. (Oxford).—"She became engaged to him at an angling tournament." She landed the catch of her life.

A. R. (Bearstead).—"Motoring is a fine pastime if you can afford the car." And the fines.

SPORT (Surrey).—"I have a snail that I will back to race any other." We will back the Southern Railway.

L. N. (Bradford).—"I always clean the knives and forks for my wife." A shining example for other husbands.

W. L. (Apsley).—"I have no ambition to be a very rich man." You will probably realise your ambition.

T. B. T. (Waterloo).—"I fell out of the car and hurt my head on the concrete road." It's a hard world.

L. T. (Kettering).—"Hundreds of people cannot afford a holiday this year." There'll be a hundred less, thanks to this week's *Bullets* Offer. £400 heads a long holiday prize-list on page 35.

G. Y. (London, E.)—"Why are the girls of to-day so light-headed?" Henna and peroxide.

T. B. (Crewe).—"He told me I was two-faced." You should advise him to sign the pledge.

B. E. (St. Albans).—"My young man is round every night after dinner." Perhaps he eats too much.

B. M. (Sandy).—"I've always managed to hold my head in the air." But aren't those high, sharp-pointed collars painful?

L. T. (Oxted).—"My wife is quite ignorant of politics." She takes more interest in the home than in the House.

G. N. (Toronto).—"I am looking forward to returning to the dear homeland." You'll find it the dear homeland, all right.

A. P. (Wendover).—"The burglars stole all the silver and the furniture and then left the house." It was considerate of them to leave that.

B. R. (Rochdale).—"My wife and I quarrelled the whole time we were at Margate." You got no benefit from those sea breezes.

S. R. (Southend).—"The doctor says that I shall have a nervous breakdown." Why not go away to the seaside for a change?

TOM (Hitchin).—"Although I am twenty-nine I am still waiting for a mate." Our plumber can give you a couple of years.

G. K. (Walworth).—"What is a Mormon?" A very brave man.

D. M. (Salford).—"An actor must have great powers of endurance." So must an audience.

E. F. (Essendine).—"After a moment's thought I sat down." Yes, you must have felt exhausted.

G. R. (Tipton).—"How can I stop my neighbour from calling me a bare-faced robber?" Grow a beard.

E. S. (Woolwich).—"I want my eldest boy to go for a sailor." Let him choose a small one for a start.

J. T. (Salop).—"I believe in dignified leisure." As also does the tramp sitting in Kensington Gardens.

FLAPPER (London).—"The modern girl at least does know what is going on." Precious little, too.

B. T. (Chelmsford).—"I ran away to sea because I was fed up with home life." When you were seasick did you become homesick?

F. M. (Deal).—"A baby boy born to-day has an expectation of 58.58 years of life." For most of this time he'll be a taxpayer, so it's no wonder he cries.

D. M. (London, S.W.).—"Tax-dodgers are bound to be found out." But if the collector calls often enough he may find them in.

C. W. (Northfleet).—"Is it hard to be a good weather prophet?" Oh, no. You're bound to be fairly accurate if you predict anything but good weather.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over.)*

**How Colgate's Lather makes a fine shave**

1. The soap in the lather removes the oil film that covers every hair.

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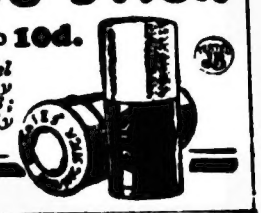

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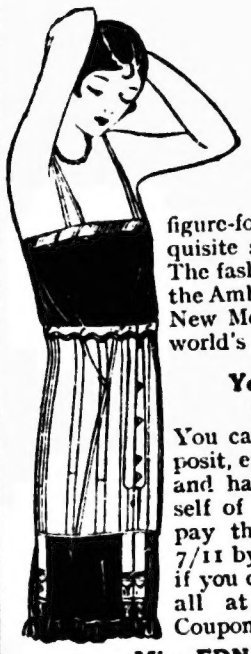

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**The New Model Ambron Corset is cut with bust just two inches over waist line, as present vogue, and fitted with wedge shaped busk and spiral steels, specially reinforced at ends for strength and comfort. There are four suspenders, adjustable and detachable, and the corset can easily be washed without removing fittings.**

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State also size of Corset usually worn, and whether White or Dove preferred.

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*Sizes range from 19 ins. to 36 ins. Over 30 ins. 1/6 extra.*

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# Child gives her sister SCALP SORES

"For months Betty had shocking running eczema all over her head," says Mrs. M. Jones, of 4, Pontypridd Street, Splott, Cardiff. "The pain and irritation were awful. I had to make special linen caps to prevent the child scratching.

"Then my other daughter Josephine caught the disease. I was at my wits end. Zam-Buk was then tried. It did a world of good in relieving pain and irritation and drying-up the discharge. I persevered with Zam-Buk in both cases. To-day the children are free from all trace of the sores."

**FREE!** Send To-day Postcard (id. stamp) to Zam-Buk, Leeds, for free samples of Balm & Medicinal Soap. Mention JOHN BULL, 23/7/27.


*"The Greatest of These . . . ."*

# The Wreckage of War

## Salvage Work after the Storm

THIS country is still strewn with the wreckage of war, instances of which are continually being brought to our notice.

In a London suburb there is an ex-Service man whose only reward for twenty-one years spent in the service of his country is a pension of a few pence a day. Unable to obtain regular employment, he has contrived to earn a precarious livelihood by selling plants and flowers.

He has considered himself prosperous when he has been able to make a pound a week, and in that way he has managed to support himself and his wife and little boy.

When his health failed recently and he had to go into hospital, his pension of a few pence a day was, of course, insufficient to provide for his wife and child, and before he was able to recover from the setback of his own illness his wife succumbed to sickness and he found himself without means to give her decent burial.

Another case, in Scotland, is that of the daughter of an ex-Service man who died from wounds received during the war. All she has to live on is an allowance of 8s. a week from the Ministry of Pensions.

She has grown to womanhood terribly handicapped by bloodlessness and has entirely lost the use of one of her arms.

A third case is that of a man in the Midlands, who though totally disabled for his usual civilian occupation, receives no allowance whatever in respect of his war service from the Ministry of Pensions. He has a large family, including two children who are ill.

In his efforts to provide them with the special nourishment which they need he has got into arrears with his rent, with prospect of eviction from his home.

There is a cottage on the English countryside which has been transformed from a nest of happiness and contentment to a home of sorrow and suffering by the demon of mischance and unemployment.

An accident causing a shattered ankle laid the breadwinner aside. He was not eligible for unemployment benefit.

There were four children to be fed, and the mother went to work in the fields to provide for them, until the coming of another little one made it impossible for her to continue.

The stricken family were faced with the prospect of having to remove to the workhouse when the local rector called us to the rescue, the means at his disposal being inadequate for the necessities of the case.

Yet another case is that of a South Wales ex-Service man, disabled in the war, whose pension dwindled until it ceased entirely, leaving him without means of support for his wife and five children.

In these cases "The Greatest of These—" Fund has acted as a Salvage Corps. We are in great need of further support to enable us to deal adequately with the many similar cases of war wreckage brought to our notice.

Every penny subscribed is devoted without deduction to the relief of distress.

# "THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

*Registered under the War Charities Act as the* JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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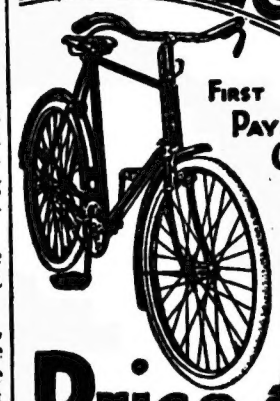

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## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 642.

### FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

**Mr. J. EARDLEY, 189, Weeds Moor Lane, Stockport.**

Example :—MAKING THINGS DIFFICULT
Bullet :—FOREIGNERS "MAKING THINGS" EASIER.

### SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

**Mr. S. WHITING, 127, Clifton Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.**

Example :—DANGER AHEAD
Bullet :—WHILST WARSHIPS *Evade* "BREAKERS."

### THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

**Mr. F. GOODENOUGH, "Wayeet," Kingfield, Woking.**

Example :—DISARMING
Bullet :—LIKE MAKING SCHOOLBOYS KISS.

### 20 Holiday Prizes of £6:

S. ARNOLD, 2, Elm Road, Higher Crumpsall, Manchester.
DISARMING—WIFE *Looking* "LAST WORD."

T. W. BERRY, Crown Hotel, Chislehurst, Kent.
MAN SHE JILTED—WON SUCCESS, SEEKING FORGETFULNESS.

T. BISHOP, Castle Crab, Penhow, Nr. Magor, Mon.
AXE TO GRIND—SO GOVERNMENT BUYS WORKSHOP.

A. D. BONE, 25, Palace Square, Upper Norwood, S.E.
IN THE WATER—RUSSIA, SHOUTING "IT'S LOVELY!"

Mrs. D. BOWDLER, 104, Milton Road, Weston-super-Mare.
RUN FOR HIS MONEY—WANTED—TAXPAYER "BACKING" COUNTRY.

W. BOWYER, 163, Harbut Road, Battersea, S.W.
NOISILY—HEAVYWEIGHT USUALLY "QUIETLY CONFIDENT."

Miss N. BRAZIER, c/o 11, Dale Street, Liverpool.
HOLIDAY FOR ME—WHEN "READY" SAYS "GO."

Mrs. G. A. COOK, 10, Fordwych Road, Brondesbury, N.W.
HOLIDAY FOR ME—FORGETTING EVERYTHING—NOTHING FORGOTTEN.

Miss COTTON, 5, Church Street, St. Mary's, Sandwich, Kent.
SAID TO THE LANDLADY—"MY LETTERS READY YET?"

Miss M. M. DAVIES, "Cartrefle," Craigwen Road, Pontypridd.
IN HER CASE—SECRET OF *Eternal* YOUTH.

W. A. FLEW, Stonegates, Firle, Peacehaven.
MAN SHE JILTED—HE DID "DANCE" THEN.

C. FRANKLIN, Arbroath, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.
WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAID—EXPLAINED THE "BURNING DECK."

Mrs. A. HEADLAND, 131, South Parade, Newark, Notts.
SENSELESS—FOLLOWING HORSES—OVERTAKING CARS.

B. MOUNT, 10, Beckett Street, Faversham, Kent.
DISARMING—"DROPPED"—POWERS SO "CAREFUL."

F. L. PAIN, 9, Thurso Street, Tooting, S.W.
AFTER SUCCESS—STRUGGLE TO *Stop* WORKING.

Miss A. REEVES, 33, Martindale Road, Hounslow, W.
WHAT IS A LESSON?—WARFARE—ALL "CLASSES" REMEMBER.

J. ROBERTS, 3, Rock Lane, Liverpool.
DANGER AHEAD—UNUSED "AXE" FELLING GOVERNMENT.

E. SPICER, 4, Ashmore Road, Paddington, W.
WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAID—"STORMY? NO, YOU'RE WINDY!"

J. W. SWAN, 63, Westbourne Avenue, Gateshead.
OLD LOVE—NEVER TARNISHES—IT'S GOLDEN.

W. THOMSON, 2, West High Street, Buckhaven, Fife.
HOLIDAY FOR ME—SO "*Smile Hailing* MORN."

### 50 Holiday Prizes of £5:

N. Alexander, 6, Floyer Rd., Small Heath, B'ham.
P. Aspinall, 56, Ward St., Cleethorpes.
A. E. Baker, High St., Henfield, Sussex.
H. Batten, 81, Dawsett Rd., Tottenham, N.
Miss G. Bona, H.Ims, Scolton Treffgarne, Pem.
A. J. Bond, 108, Pixmore Way, Letchworth, Herts.
H. F. Bromley, 75, Park St., Madeley, Shropshire.
W. F. Browne, "Doupdierre," Gower Rd., Sketty, Swansea.

(*Continued on page 4.*)

## EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 645.

REACHING THE TOP
TOUCHING
HOLIDAY WEATHER
SAID TO THE BATHER
THE VERDICT
WHY I'M POOR
MAKES TIME FLY
PRACTICALLY
OUT OF HER DEPTH
MY EXPERIENCE
FOR A REST
HARD TO FACE
ABOUT TIME
BABY OF THE FUTURE
FORGETTING
SEEN ON THE PROMENADE
NO GOOD
IF TRUTH WERE TOLD
SITTING STILL
AT HER BEST
FOR SPORT
HEARD AT THE STATION
A SECOND
WOMEN
IN LIFE'S GARDEN
HER GRIEVANCE
WHAT THE DOG SAID
IN AUGUST
ONE DAY
WHY HE SAID NOTHING
LEAVING HOME
WHAT IS THE SEASIDE?

### "BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

**The original Cheque for £3,000 awarded to the First Prizewinner in "Bullets" No. 641 will be displayed in the window of Mr. D. JARVIS, Church Street, Rhos, Wrexham.**

### SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

**Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 645 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."**

### HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent Bullets Prize-winners were :—

*Example* :—WHAT IS A VOTE? — *Bullet* :—"SECRET"—BUT "EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS."
*Example* :—WORTH WATCHING — *Bullet* :—MANAGER—WHEN REVUE ISN'T.
*Example* :—SILLY ASS — *Bullet* :—LETTING MONEYLENDER SUPPLY "OATS."

**ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.**

**Address Coupons :—"Bullets" No. 645, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 4.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(645) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 4.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(645) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 4.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(645) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 4.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(645) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

**If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.**

### SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 646.

**SORRY HE MARRIED—HARD TO BELIEVE—RED RUIN—GOING TO THE SEASIDE—WHAT SHE HEARD—TEARFULLY—MORE THAN LIKELY—SILENT FRIEND—WHY SHE SAID NOTHING—PACKING UP—FOR A GIRL—WHAT THE GOSSIP SAID—BATHING BEAUTY—IN LOVER'S LANE—NEVER TOLD—AT HOLIDAY TIME—GENTLE HINT—BEFORE AND AFTER—IN CONFIDENCE—WHAT IS A LUXURY?**

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, AUGUST 11.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **646** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **646,** JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. **645.**

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